

Library of
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

THE
CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR
AND
LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 3.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

No. 5.

THE MOST REVEREND SAMUEL ECCLESTON.

THIS eminent prelate, with whose portrait we have adorned our present number, was born on the 27th June, 1801, in Kent county, Maryland, a few miles from Chestertown. His grandfather was Sir John Eccleston, who emigrated to this country from England, a few years prior to our struggle for independence. His father, Samuel Eccleston, was a wealthy farmer, of Kent county, Maryland, and was distinguished for his highly cultivated mind and manners. Born of parents who, at that time, were members of the Protestant Episcopal church, he attended worship in that denomination until about the age of eleven years, when he was sent, as a student, to St. Mary's College, Baltimore, where the light of divine truth soon discovered to him that he had not, thus far, been attached to the religion "which was once delivered to the saints," and which, according to God's promises, was to "teach all truth." In this institution he continued as a day-scholar until his fifteenth year;

and, during this early period, displayed shining talents, and a peculiar tact for learning. By his sweetness of disposition, amiable deportment, and graceful manners, he secured the friendship and attachment of his fellow students and professors; as well as all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. It was the intention of his mother to direct his studies towards the profession of the law; but Providence had higher views in his regard. At sixteen years of age, he became a boarder in the College. He soon manifested an ardent love of virtue, and other dispositions which, in a few years, resulted in his study of divinity; in which pursuit, by his assiduity and talent, he advanced so rapidly as to be considered qualified for the holy order of priesthood at an earlier age than that order is generally conferred.

Very soon after his ordination he crossed the Atlantic, and visited England, Ireland, and France. He was, however, suddenly recalled to

America, (after a sojourn of about two years in Europe,) in consequence of the death of his step-father, which happened about this time. From abroad he brought back with him a large store of useful knowledge, an ardent zeal in the cause of our holy religion, and an increased attachment to republican institutions. Upon his return to his native country, he was received with affection by his numerous friends; and, in a short time, received marks of their esteem and approbation, by his elevation first to the vice-presidency, and subsequently the presidency, of the flourishing institution in which he had been educated. This office he filled with much honor to himself, and advantage to the college, for several years.

The late Archbishop Whitfield, becoming infirm from disease, it was thought necessary, early in the year 1834, to appoint a coadjutor or assistant-bishop, in order to lessen the burden of his duties. The choice fell upon Mr. Eccleston, which was no ordinary mark of confidence, when we consider that he had hardly attained his thirty-third year, and that there were so many others in the diocese, whose age, experience, and talents would have qualified them for the situation. Upon the death of the late archbishop, he succeeded *de jure* to the title and honors of the see, on the fourteenth of September, 1834.

The administration of Archbishop Eccleston has, thus far, been distinguished for energy, talent, and industry. This the great numbers of churches, convents, nunneries, and other religious institutions and societies which have been reared

within his diocese, fully attest; as also the great increase of the number of the faithful, which is manifest, particularly in Baltimore, where the number of Catholics has doubled within a few years. He himself, under Providence, has been the instrument of making many converts to the faith, by the mild yet persuasive tact he possesses, in his intercourse with persons of other religious communions.

As a preacher of the word of God, the archbishop has always been regarded eloquent, graceful, and persuasive, displaying great zeal and piety in all he utters; and is sure to enlist the undivided attention of his hearers.

In person he is tall and commanding, and remarkable for his graceful deportment and ease in conversation. No one ever approached him familiarly without being pleased with him, or without an increased respect for his person. His piety is of the highest order. No one can look upon him without being impressed with the idea that he is a true prelate of the Church. Ever unostentatious and unassuming, his great aim is to do good to all men, seeking the will of his great Master. His study is to please Him, regardless of the world, which would willingly heap upon him its choicest honors did he not studiously fly from them.

Such is Archbishop Eccleston. May he long be preserved to the American church, the worthy successor of the Carrolls and the Neales; and a model, in suavity and elegance, as well as energy and ecclesiastical deportment for the hierarchy at whose head he stands.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY NIECE.

INSCRIBED TO HER MOTHER, BY NICHOLAS J. KEEFE.

She has gone to her rest,
'Mong the happy and blest,
Who dwell far away through the skies ;
She has left our cold earth,
For her heavenly birth,
Where the song of delight never dies.

In her purity's bloom,
She has gone to resume,
Her seat 'mong the holy above,
To awaken her lyre,
'Mid the Seraphim choir,
And drink in the Cherubim's love.

Oh! then why should you weep,
That she's fallen asleep ;
That dust to the dust, has been given,
When to God's holy throne,
Her glad spirit has flown,
To mingle with angels in Heaven.

Harford County, Md., Jan., 1843.

THE GENERAL COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH.

COMPILED BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

THE First General Council was that held at Nice, under Pope Sylvester, in the reign of Constantine the Great, in the year 325 ; at which there were three hundred and eighteen Bishops present. The sovereign pontiff presiding in the persons of his Legates, OSIUS of Corduba, in Spain, and VIRUS and VINCENTIUS, Presbyters of the Roman Church. In this Council were condemned the Arians, Quartodecimans, and Melitians.

The second was that of Constantinople, held under S. Damasus Pope,

and Theodosius the Emperor, at which were a hundred and fifty Bishops: it opened in May, A. D. 381, and continued till July of the same year. In this, the Macedonians who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost, were condemned, the Nicene Faith was confirmed, and the creed which is still recited at the mass, commonly styled the Nicene creed (because it does not differ from that of Nice only in as much as some words have been added by way of explanation) was published. This Council was composed of few Bishops, principally from the east: yet it is regarded as œcumenical, because it followed in all things what had recently been defined in the Council of Rome, in 378; to which the oriental Bishops had been summoned by letters addressed to them while assembled at Constantinople. Moreover the decrees of this Council, in matters of Faith, were approved in another Council celebrated at Rome, in the year 382. Hence those three Councils, on account of their perfect agreement, are to be considered but as one and the same.

The third was celebrated at Ephesus, in 431, under S. Celestine Pope, and Theodosius the younger. In the name of the Pontiff, St. CYRIL of Alexandria presided, with ARCADIVS and PROJECTUS, Bishops, and Philip a Presbyter: two hundred Bishops were present. It decreed, in opposition to the heresy of Nestorians, that in Christ there is but one person, and the Blessed Virgin Mary is the Mother of God.

The fourth was that of Chalcedon, anno 451, under S. Leo Pope, and Marcian Emperor. Leo was represented by PASCHASINUS and LUCENTIVS, Bishops, and BONIFACE, a Presbyter. Eutyches and Dioscorus, admitting but one nature in Christ, were condemned.

The fifth was the second of Constantinople, under Vigilius Pope, and

Justinian Emperor, A. D. 553, at which a hundred and sixty-five Bishops, all oriental, were present: but which was afterwards approved by Vigilius and the Western Bishops. It condemned the works of Theodore of Mopsuesta, of Theodoret against St. Cyril, and the Epistle of Ibas Maris, the Persian: these three works are known under the title of the three chapters.

The sixth was the third of Constantinople, under Agatho Pope, and Constantine Pogonatus Emperor, anno 680. In the name of the Pontiff, presided THEODORE and GEORGE, Presbyters, John a Deacon, and (as St. Anastasius writes) CONSTANTIVS a subdeacon. Two hundred and eighty-nine Bishops were present, according to Theophanes and Cedrenus: but according to Photius only a hundred and seventy. From the acts, however, in the last session, we find that a hundred and sixty-six subscribed their names.

In the year 679, in April, a Council was celebrated at Rome, over which the pontiff presided in person. From this, three Legates were deputed to the council of Constantinople; and in both, which should be considered but one, the Monothelites were condemned, and the two wills in Christ vindicated.

The seventh was the second of Nice; convened at first at Constantinople, but translated to Nice in 787, under the pontificate of Adrian I.; Constantine and his mother Irene reigning in the east. The Pope's Legates were PETER, archpresbyter of the Roman Church, and PETER Abbot of S. Saba. There were present three hundred and fifty, perhaps more, oriental Bishops, who decreed that the use of sacred images was to be retained, and that they may be venerated.

The eighth was the fourth of Constantinople, under Adrian II., who presided through his Legates DONA-

TUS and STEPHEN, Bishops, and MARINUS, Deacon, during the reign of Basil, A. D. 869. In this council, composed of one hundred and two Bishops, S. Ignatius, who had been unjustly expelled from his see, was restored, and Photius, who had invaded the Patriarchate, was deposed and excommunicated.

The ninth was the first of Lateran; that is celebrated at Rome in the Basilic of the Lateran, anno 1128, in presence of Calixtus II., with three hundred bishops and six hundred abbots. It was convoked for the purpose of settling the difficulties growing out of the usurpation by secular Princes of the investitures of benefices, and to commence the holy wars in Palestine and Spain against the Saracens.

The tenth was the second of Lateran, celebrated in 1139, in the presence of Innocent II., and about a thousand Bishops. It condemned the schism of Peter Leo, and the errors of the Petrobrusians and Arnaldists, and restored ecclesiastical discipline.

The eleventh was the third of Lateran, A. D. 1179, under the Emperor Frederic I., presided over by Alexander III. Three hundred and two Bishops attended. The object of this was to provide against schism, to reform the morals of the clergy, and to condemn the errors of the Waldenses and Albigenses.

The twelfth was the fourth of Lateran, under Innocent III., with four hundred and twelve bishops; convoked for the purpose of recovering the Holy Land, reviving discipline, and condemning the heresies of the Abbot Joachim, and the Albigenses. In this council was issued the famous canon: *omnis utriusque sexus*, anno 1215.

The thirteenth was the first of Lyons, during the reign of Frederic II., in Germany, and of St. Louis in France: over which Innocent IV.

presided, A. D. 1245. There were present a hundred and forty Bishops. It was celebrated against the Emperor Frederic, to carry on the expedition against the Turks, and to enforce discipline.

The fourteenth was the second of Lyons, anno 1274, at which there were four hundred bishops, and a thousand abbots and inferior prelates, under Pope Gregory X. To this council St. Thomas of Aquin was invited; but died on his way, in the monastery of Fossanova, on the 7th of March, 1274. St. Bonaventure, Cardinal and Bishop of Albano, died during the celebration of this council, on the 15th of July, A. D. 1274. It was celebrated in the Primatial Basilic of John, to procure the reunion of the Latin and Greek churches, to reform morals, and to effect a more speedy election of Popes, when the See becomes vacant, than before.

The fifteenth was that of Vienne in Gaul, A. D., 1311, under Clement V., with three hundred bishops, and several kings, viz:—Edward II. of England, James II. of Arragon, Philip the Fair of Gaul, with his three sons, who were afterwards his successors under the style of Louis X., Philip V., and Charles IV. It was convoked in order to suppress the order of the Knights-Templars; to condemn the heresies of the Fratricelli and Beguards; and to afford aid for the carrying on of the holy wars.

The sixteenth was convoked at Constance, under John XXIII., A. D. 1413, opened on the 16th of November, 1414, and concluded on the 22d of April, 1418, under Martin V., whose election was made in the 41st session, after the deposition of John XXIII. and Benedict XIII., and the resignation of Gregory XII. The forty-five articles of John Wickliffe, who had been dead several years, were condemned *in globo*; as also the thirty articles of Huss, who was

delivered over to the secular arm, and doomed to the stake. Jerome of Prague shared the same fate. Three hundred bishops attended at this council.

The seventeenth was convoked at Basle. It was œcumenical in its convocation, but schismatical in its termination. How long it continued œcumenical, is a vexed question among divines. Tournelly admits only the sixteen first sessions; others are of different opinions. It is not mine, in this brief sketch, to settle this grave controversy. It would be a task, however, worthy the investigation of the theologian.

It was assembled by Martin V., in order to repress the heresies and seditions of the Bohemians, and to reform the morals of the faithful. It opened on the 14th of December, A. D. 1431, under the sanction of Eugenius IV., who had succeeded Martin. Julian, a cardinal, presided as apostolic legate.

After the first session, Eugenius translated it to Bologna. 1. Because very few bishops had met at Basle. 2. Because a war had broken out between the dukes of Austria and Burgundy, which rendered Basle unsafe. 3. Because the Greeks, whose union with the Latin church was much desired, required a more convenient place, and nearer the sea-coast. 4. Because the fathers of Basle usurped an illegitimate power over Eugenius, the rightful sovereign pontiff.

The Council opposed this translation, and contemplated the deposition of the pope; who, for the sake of peace, revoked the decree for its dissolution. In the seventeenth session, he authorized JULIAN to represent him, prescribing certain regulations and conditions, to which the bishops refused to submit. He again dissolved the council, and was unjustly deposed from the papacy in the thirty-ninth session. In his

place, Amadœus was intruded under the denomination of Felix V.:—the eighteenth anti-pope.

The eighteenth was that of Florence, over which Eugenius IV. presided; present, a hundred and forty-one bishops, with the Emperor John Palæologus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and legates from the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. In the first session, the Cardinal Abbergatus acted as legate *a latere*; in the others, the pope himself presided. There were sixteen sessions at Ferrara; the seventeenth was held at Florence. In this council, the union of the Greek and Latin churches was effected, and the Definition of Faith issued, commonly styled *Decretum Unionis*; in which it is declared, first, that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son; and that the word *filiouque* was lawfully added to the Symbol. Secondly, that the consecration is valid, as well in leaven as unleaven bread. Thirdly, that *purgatory* exists, where some souls are doomed to suffer for a time, and may be assisted by the prayers of the living. Fourthly, that the Roman Pontiff is the true Vicar of Christ, and successor of Saint Peter, the Head of the Whole Church, &c.

After the departure of the Greeks, there remained at Florence some cardinals, bishops, and learned priests, by whom the delegates of the Armenian patriarch were instructed, and received into the bosom of the Church. They received the orthodox truths in the form of a decree, which is known in the schools under the name of the *Decretum Eugenii ad Armenos*.

The Jacobites, A. D., 1441, were likewise admitted into the church. The council being removed to Rome, in the Lateran, there arrived ambassadors from Abyssinia and Æthiopia, who were likewise united to the Church.

The nineteenth was the Council of Trent, convoked and opened by Paul III., A. D., 1545, continued under Julius III., in 1551, and happily concluded under Pius IV., in 1563. In this was confirmed the Faith of the Ancient Church, against the errors of Luther and Calvin; and discipline, which had languished amid wars and heresies, was restored. There were twenty-five sessions, at all of which the legates of the apostolic see presided; and a hundred and twenty-seven canons were issued.

Of this famous council a false and foolish history has been composed by *Fra Paulo*, which is solidly and learnedly confuted by Cardinal Palavicinus, from the authentic acts preserved in the Vatican library.

Bellarmino and others differ with respect to the number of general councils. They say that that of Lateran was the fifth; it was celebrated in May, A. D., 1512; over the four first sessions Pope Julius II. presided; over the fifth, Raphael, Cardinal of Ostia, (the pope having died,) and over the seven others Leo X., newly elected. There were present a hundred and fourteen bishops, eighteen cardinals, the patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch, and many abbots, doctors, &c. It terminated in the year 1517.

Whence Bellarmine admits but eighteen general councils.

This brief synopsis of the œcumenical councils of the Church will suffice, at present, for the general reader. In a future number, a full and detailed account of the Council of Trent will be given.

I conclude in these admirable words of Saint Gregory the Great: (lib. i. epist. ep. 24:) "Quia corde creditur ad justitiam, ore autem confessio fit ad salutem, sicut sancti Evangelii quatuor libros sic quatuor Concilia suscipere et venerari me fateor: Nicænum scilicet . . . Constantinopolitanum, Ephesinum, Chalcedonense . . . quia in his velut in quadrato lapide S. fidei structura consurgit . . . quantum quoque Concilium pariter veneror . . . cunctas vero quas præfata Concilia personas respuunt, respuo; quas venerantur, amplector: quia dum universali sunt consensu constituta, se et non illa destruit, quisquis præsumit aut solvere quos ligant, aut religare quos solvunt. Quisquis ergo aliud sapit, anathema sit."*

* St. Gregory died in the year 604, when only five general councils had been celebrated. With reason, therefore, do we extend his declaration down to the last, viz:—the Council of Trent.

HUMAN LIFE.

—————Ан! what is human life?

How like the dial's tardy-moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen:
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

YOUNG.

SOIRÉES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK VI. CHAPTER IV.

ALL sciences communicate together by common principles ; and, pay attention, I request you, that by this word *common* I mean to express not what those different sciences demonstrate, but that which they make use of to demonstrate : that is to say, the *universal*, which is the root of all demonstration, which pre-exists before all impression or sensible operation, and which is so little the result of experience, that without it, experience would be *always* solitary, and could be repeated *ad infinitum*, always leaving an abyss between it and the *universal*. This young pup that plays with you, at this moment, has played with you, yesterday, and the day before. He has played therefore,—he has played, and has played,—but by no means, as regards himself, *three times* ; for, if you suppress the primitive idea, and consequently the pre-existing idea, of *number*, to which experience may refer, *one* and *one* are merely *this* and *that*,—but never *two*.

You see, gentlemen, that Locke is pitiful in his experience, since truth is but *an equation between the thought of man and the object known* ;* in so much that, if the first member is not natural, pre-existing, and un-

changeable, the other necessarily fluctuates ; and is no longer truth.

Every idea being, then, innate, in reference to the *universal* from which it derives its form, it is, moreover, totally estranged from the senses, by the intellectual act which affirms it ; for thought or word (they are the same) appertain to mind only ; or, to speak still better, being mind, no distinction ought to be made between the different orders of idea.† The instant man says, THAT IS, he speaks necessarily in virtue of an interior and anterior knowledge, for the senses have nothing common with truth, which the understanding alone can attain : and as what appertains not to the senses is foreign from matter, it follows that there is in man an immaterial principle in which science resides ;‡ and the senses not being able to receive or transmit to the mind but impressions, not only the function whose office it is to judge, is not aided by these impressions, but it is rather impeded and troubled by them.§ We ought, therefore, to suppose, with the greatest men, that we have naturally intellectual ideas which have not passed through the senses ; and the contrary opinion is afflicting to good

* St. Thomas, *as before*.

† *A being that knows nothing but thought, and has no other action but thought.* (L'Ami de la Conn. de Soi-même, 2 p. 4 ref.) Le fond de l'ame n'est point

distingué de ses facultés. Fenelon, Max. des Saints, art. xxviii.

‡ *Aliquid incorporeum per se in quo in sit scientia.* Justin.

§ Lessius, de Immort. Animæ, lib. iii. number 53.

sense, as well as to religion.* I have read that the celebrated Cudworth, disputing one day, with a friend of his, on the origin of ideas, said to him, "Take, I pray you, any book in my library—the first that presents itself to you—and open it by chance." His friend fell upon Cicero's Offices, at the beginning of the second book: "ALTHOUGH, *since an entire year,*" &c. "That will do," interrupted Cudworth, "tell me, if you can, how you have acquired the idea of ALTHOUGH?" The argument was excellent, under a very simple form. Man cannot speak—cannot articulate the least element of thought—cannot say AND, without refuting Locke.

"You said to me, in the commencement, *speak to me conscientiously,*" returned the Chevalier; "permit me to address the same words to you. Tell me conscientiously, have you not selected passages from Locke which are most open to criticism? The temptation is seducing, when we speak of a man whom we do not like."

"I can assure you," on the contrary," returned the Count, "that a detailed examination of his work would furnish me with a much more abundant harvest. But, to refute *à in-quarto*, it would be necessary to write another, and by whom would the second be read, I ask you? When a bad book has once taken possession of the mind, there is no other way of disabusing it of its errors than by pointing out the general spirit which has dictated it; to classify its defects, and indicate only the most glaring; and trust for the rest to the conscience of the reader. To render that of Locke in every point irreproachable, it would only be sufficient, in my opinion, to change two words. It is entitled: *Essay on the Understanding*. Let us write merely

—*Essay on Locke's understanding*; and no book will ever have done greater justice to its title. The book is the perfect portrait of the author; nothing is wanting. Well has Jean le Clerc expressed it when he inscribed these lines under his picture:—

Lockius humanæ pingens penetralia mentis,
Ingenium solus pinxerit ille suum.

When Locke displays the secrets of the mind,
His own, there pictured faithfully, we find.

We easily recognise in it an honest man, and even a man of sense, but duped by the spirit of sectarianism which leads him, without his perceiving it, or without his wishing to perceive it. Destitute, besides, of philosophical erudition the most indispensable, and of all mental depth, he is truly comical, when he tells us seriously, that *he took up his pen to prescribe rules to man, by which a reasonable creature may wisely direct his actions*; adding, that to arrive at this end, *he was of opinion that the most useful thing would be to fix, on the onset, the boundaries of the human mind*. Never was so foolish an opinion formed; for, in the first place, as for the moral result, I would much rather rely on the *Sermon on the Mountain* than on all the scholastic trash, with which Locke has filled his book, and which is as far removed from morality as any thing can be. As to the limits of the human understanding, you may be sure that it is an excess of rashness to wish to establish them; and the very expression has no precise meaning. But we will speak of them some other time; for there are many interesting things still to be said on this subject. At present, it will be sufficient to observe that Locke imposes upon himself and upon others. He did not really wish to say what he has said. He wished to *contra-*

* Arnaud and Nicole, in the Logic of Port Royal: *L'Art de Penser*, I. p. ch. 1.

dict, and nothing more. You remember Boindin, in the temple of taste, crying out :—

I am an upright judge,
I always judge—argue—and contradict!

Behold the spirit which animated Locke. Opposed to all moral authority, he clung to received ideas, which are of great authority. He clung above all to his church, which I should have a greater right to hate, and which, nevertheless, I venerate in a certain sense, as the most reasonable of all those which are without reason! Locke took up his pen, therefore, only to *argue* and *contradict*; and his book, purely negative, is one of the numberless productions brought forth by that same spirit which has spoiled so many who possessed much greater talents than himself. The other striking, distinctive, and invariable characteristic of this author is his *superficiality*, (permit me to make this word for him;) he does not understand any thing profoundly: but what I would particularly wish you to remark in him as the most decisive sign of mediocrity, is the fault which he commits of passing by the most grave questions without perceiving them. I can give you a striking example which presents itself, this moment, to my memory. He says somewhere, with a magisterial tone that is inestimable, *I acknowledge that it has fallen to my lot to have one of those stupid souls, whose misfortune it is not to comprehend that it is more necessary to the soul to think always, than to the body to be always in motion; thought, it seems to me, being to the soul what motion is to the body.** Upon my word! I humbly ask Locke's pardon, but I find in this passage nothing to retrench but the wit. Where then did he ever see matter in repose? You perceive that he passes,

as I just said, to the edge of a precipice without seeing it. I do not pretend to sustain that motion is essential to matter, and above all I believe it to be indifferent to all action; nevertheless, we should understand what we say: and when we are not in a condition to distinguish relative motion and absolute motion, we may very easily be dispensed from writing on philosophy.

But see, in pursuing this same comparison, which he has so badly seized on, the whole view which it is possible to take of it, by directing to it the eyes of others. *Motion is to a body what thought is to the mind.* Why then could there not be a relative, and an absolute thought? *Relative*, when man finds himself in relation with sensible objects, and with his fellow beings, and is able to compare himself with them: *absolute*, when this communication being interrupted by sleep or other causes, thought is no longer *directed*, except by the superior motion which *directs* to every thing. While we repose here quietly in our chairs, in a perfect quiet of the senses, we fly on with a rapidity which frightens the imagination, since it is at least thirty *wersts* in a second, that is to say, it exceeds more than fifty times that of a cannon-ball. And this motion complicates itself with that of rotation, which is nearly equal under the equator, without our having the least sensible knowledge of these two motions. Now, how can it be proved that it is impossible for man to think as he is moved, by the superior motion, without knowing it? It is very easy to exclaim—*Oh! there is a great difference!* but, by no means so easy to prove it. Besides, every man has his pride, from which it is difficult to separate himself entirely. I will, therefore, frankly confess to you that *it has fallen to my lot to have so stupid a soul that I cannot think my comparison more stupid than Locke's.*

* Book ii. ch. ii. § 10.

Take this as one of those examples to which the others must be referred; we cannot mention everything. But you can easily open at hazard Locke's work, and I run no risk in pledging myself that it will be shown that he never touches an important question which he does not treat with the same mediocrity. And since a mediocre individual can convict him of mediocrity, judge how it would be, if some superior genius were to undertake to dissect him."

"I know not whether you are aware of a problem to which you give rise without perceiving it," remarked the Senator, "for the more censures you accumulate on Locke, the more inexplicable you render the immense reputation which he enjoys."

"I am not sorry to give rise to such a problem, which it is not very difficult to solve," replied the Count, "and since our young friend has thrown me into this discussion, I will willingly terminate it to the advantage of truth. Who is there who better knows the authority of Locke than myself, or who has more sincerely deplored it? Ah! how I pity this futile generation which has made him its oracle, and *locked* itself fast in error, by the authority of a vain name which itself has created in its folly! And, above all, how I pity those Frenchmen who have forgotten, abandoned, and outraged the Christian Plato born among them, and whose pen Locke was not worthy to mend, to cede the sceptre of rational philosophy to that idol *the work of their own hands*, that false god of the eighteenth century, who knows nothing, says nothing, can do nothing; and which they have raised upon a pedestal *before the face of the Lord*, on the faith of some fanatics, yet worse citizens than bad philosophers! The French, degraded thus by vile teachers, who instructed them no longer to believe in France, presented the idea of a *millionaire*

seated on a strong-box, which he refuses to open, and extending an ignoble hand to the stranger who smiles at him.

But this idolatry should not surprise you. The fortune of books might form the subject of an interesting essay. What Seneca has said of men is, perhaps, still more true with regard to monuments of mind: *Some have the glory, and others have merited it.* If books appear under favorable circumstances, if they administer to the passions, if they have on their side the proselytising fanaticism of a numerous and active sect,—or, and this in particular,—if they possess the favor of a powerful nation, their fortune is made. The reputation of books, if you except those, perhaps, of mathematicians, depends much less on their intrinsic merit than on circumstances; at the head of which I place, as I have just said, the power of the nation that produces the author. If such a man, for instance, as Father Kircher had been born at Paris or London, his bust would be over every fireplace; and it would be taken for granted that he saw, or saw through, everything. Whereas, if a book be not, if I may be allowed the expression, *pushed out* by an influential nation, it will only obtain a character of mediocrity. Of this I might cite a hundred examples. Reason according to these principles, which appear to me palpably true, and you will see that Locke has, united in his favor, all possible chances. If we speak first of his country: he was an Englishman. England is made, no doubt, to shine in every epoch; but consider, for the present, only the beginning of the eighteenth century. It then possessed Newton, and boasted of Louis XIV. What a period for its writers! Locke profited by it. And yet his inferiority is such that he would not have succeeded, had he not been favored by

other circumstances. The human mind, sufficiently prepared by protestantism, began to be indignant at its own timidity, and boldly dared to draw all the consequences from the principles laid down in the sixteenth century. An alarming sect began to organize itself. It was a favorable opportunity for it, to have a book composed by a very honest man, and even a very *reasonable* Christian, in which all the germs of the most abject and detestable philosophy found themselves covered by a merited reputation, surrounded by sage forms, and even flanked by some texts of sacred scripture. The Genius of Evil could not receive this tribute except from one of the separated tribes: for the perfidious amalgamation would have been, in Jerusalem, either foreseen or crushed by a vigilant and inexorable religion. The book took its birth, therefore, just where it should have taken it; and came forth from a hand made expressly to gratify the most dangerous views. Locke justly enjoyed universal esteem. He styled himself a Christian; he even wrote in favor of Christianity, according to his abilities and his prejudices; and he terminated a good and laborious life by an edifying death. It was a source of joy, therefore, to certain men to see such a character laying down all the principles which they stood in need of; and even favoring materialism through a *delicacy of conscience*! They, accordingly, precipitated themselves on the unfortunate *essay*, and availed themselves of it with an ardor which could not well be imagined, if it has not been attentively considered. I remember to have shuddered on hearing one of the most hardened atheists, perhaps, that ever lived, recommending to youth the reading of Locke abridged, and thus to speak, *concentred*, by an Italian pen which should have been used in a manner more conformable

to its vocation! ‘*Read it,*’ he said, with enthusiasm, ‘*read it again; learn it by heart.*’ He would administer it, as Madame de Sevigny would say, *en bouillon*.

There is a certain rule by which to judge of books as of men, even without knowing them: it is sufficient to *know by whom they are hated, and by whom loved*. This is a rule which never deceives; and I already proposed it in regard to Bacon. As soon as you see him rendered fashionable by encyclopedists, translated by an atheist, and praised without measure by the torrent of philosophers of the last century, you may be sure, without any further investigation, that his philosophy is, at least in its general basis, false and dangerous. On the contrary, if you see these same philosophers often embarrassed by this writer, and provoked against some of his ideas,—seeking to sink him in the shade, and often mutilating or boldly altering his writings,—be sure, and without any other examination, that the works of Bacon present numerous and magnificent exceptions to the general reproaches which may be alleged against him. Do not, however, imagine that I wish to draw any comparison between the two men. Bacon, as a philosopher, moralist, and even, in some sense, as an author, will always justly claim the admiration of his readers; while the *Essay on the Understanding* is, without doubt, no matter who denies it or who admits it, the most consummate failure, whether we consider its style or the genius of the author.

Could Locke, who was a very honest man, return to the world, he would weep bitterly over his errors, sharpened by French wit, made the shame and misfortune of an entire generation. Do you not see that God has proscribed this philosophy, and that it has pleased him even to ren-

der this anathema visible? Read over all the books of its adepts, and you will not find a single line which either Taste or Virtue would wish to remember. It is the death of all religion, of all exquisite sentiment, of all sublime inspiration. Every father of a family should especially be convinced, that by receiving it under his roof, he does really all that he can to chase from his hearth all life, for under its icy breath no genial heat can exist.

But to return to the fate of books: it may be explained precisely like that of men. For one as for the other there is a fortune, which is a real malediction, and has nothing common with merit. Thus, gentlemen, success proves nothing. Mistrust, above all, a very common, very natural, but still, a very false prejudice: namely, that the great reputation of a book supposes a very extensive and studied knowledge of its contents. By no means, I assure you. The immense majority of men judging, and being able to judge, only on hearsay, a few give the direction to the public opinion. They die, and this opinion survives them. The new books which appear leave no time for the others to be read; and soon these are judged of only by a vague reputation, founded upon some general characters, or some superficial (and often perfectly false) analogies. It is not long since an excellent judge, but who can judge, however, only of what he knows, has said at Paris that among the ancients the orator who most resembled Bossuet was Demosthenes. Now, we find that these two orators differ as much as two beautiful things of the same kind—two flowers for instance—can differ from each other. But all our lifetime we have heard it said that Demosthenes *thundered*, and Bossuet *thundered* likewise: but, as nothing resembles thunder more than thunder, there-

fore, &c. Has not La Harpe formally said that 'the object of an entire book of the Essay on the Human Understanding is to demonstrate that in vigor the understanding is a spirit, and of a nature essentially distinct from matter?' Did he not say in another place, 'Locke, Clarke, Leibnitz, Fenelon, &c., have recognised this truth,' (of the distinction of substances)? Could you desire a clearer proof that this distinguished *litterateur* never read Locke? And can you imagine that he would have done himself the injury (somewhat comical) of enrolling him in such good company, if he had seen him exhaust all the resources of cunning dialectics to attribute, in some measure, thought to matter. You have heard Voltaire saying,—'Locke, with his good sense, does not cease to repeat to us: *Define!*' But, I ask again, would Voltaire have bestowed this eulogy on the English philosopher, had he known that Locke is eminently ridiculous in his definitions, which are nothing but diluted tautology? This same Voltaire has said again in a work which is sacreligious, that *Locke is the Pusey of England*. You will not accuse me, I hope, of a blind affection for *Francis Arouet*. I will suppose him as light, evil-intentioned, and, above all, as wicked as you please. Still I can never believe that a man who had so much taste and tact, could have allowed himself to form such a comparison, if his judgment had been his own. What then? The fastidious author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, the merit of which, in rational philosophy, consists in dealing out with the eloquence of an almanac, what all the world knows, and what no one requires to know, and what would have been entirely unknown in the sciences, if he had not discovered that *swiftness is measured by the mass!* Such a man, I say, is compared to Pascal! To

Pascal ! who was a great man before his thirtieth year—a naturalist, distinguished mathematician, sublime apologist, superior polemic, even as far as to make calumny itself amusing ;—a profound philosopher, a rare genius, in a word, and whose faults, great as it is possible to imagine them, cannot eclipse his extraordinary qualities. Such a parallel does not permit us to believe that Voltaire obtained, of himself, any knowledge of the “*Essay on the Human Understanding*.” Add to this that the French read little during the last century; first, because they lead very dissipated lives; and secondly, because they wrote too much; and finally, because their pride did not permit them to think that they stood in need of the thoughts of others. Such men have much else to do besides reading Locke. I have good reasons to suspect that in general he has not been read by those who boast of him, cite him, and even affect to explain him. It is a great mistake to believe that to quote a book, with a considerable show of speaking from a knowledge of the cause, it is necessary to have read it through, and with attention. The passage or line required is read; some lines of the *index*, on the faith of the *index*, are read; the passage necessary to sustain one’s ideas is taken apart; and this is all that is wanted. Of what importance is the rest? There is also an art of making those speak who have read: and thus it is very possible that the book most spoken of is the one least read. Enough, therefore, on the subject of a wide-spread but little-merited reputation. A day will come, and perhaps it is not distant, when Locke will be unanimously placed among those writers who have done most mischief to mankind. Notwithstanding all my censures, I have touched but a part, and perhaps the smaller, of his errors. After having laid the

foundation of a philosophy as false as it is dangerous, his fatal mind directed itself towards politics with a no less deplorable success. He has spoken on the origin of laws as badly as on that of ideas; and on this point, too, he has established principles the consequences of which we have seen. These terrible germs might, perhaps, have decayed in silence under the cold influence of his style; but, animated in the hot soil of Paris, they produced the revolutionary monster which has devoured Europe.

For the rest, gentlemen, I cannot too often repeat that the judgment which I cannot help pronouncing against the works of Locke does not prevent me from rendering to his person and memory all the justice they deserve. He possessed virtues, even great virtues; and though they bring to mind somewhat the dancing-master cited, I believe, by Swift, that he had every possible qualification *except that he was lame*, I nevertheless venerate the moral character of Locke; but deplore the influence of the *evil principle* on the best minds. It has, unhappily, been reigning in Europe during three centuries—it denies everything—confounds everything—*protests* against everything. On its brazen front is written *no!* and this is the true title of Locke’s book, which may be considered the preface to all the philosophy of the eighteenth century—which is altogether negative, and therefore, null. Read the *Essay*, and you will feel, at every page, that it was written for no other purpose than to contradict received ideas, and, above all, to humble an authority which shocked the author beyond all expression. He himself has told the secret in his winding up: *he yields himself to a certain class of persons who act the masters and doctors, and who hope to traffic better with men, when, by the aid of a blind credulity, they can tear from*

them innate principles upon which it is not permitted to dispute. In another place, he examines how men arrive at what they call *their principles*, and he begins with a very remarkable observation. *It may appear strange, he says, and yet nothing is less extraordinary, nor better proved by every man's experience, that the doctrines* (he would have done well to have named them) *which have not a more noble origin than the superstition of a nurse, or the authority of an old woman, grow at last, as well in religion as morals, into the dignity of principles, by the operation of time and the connivance of those who hear*

them. There is no question here of Japan or Canada; still less of rare and extraordinary facts: there is question merely of what every man can say every day of his life. Nothing is less equivocal, as you see. But Locke appears to me to have marked the boundaries of ridicule, when he writes on the margin of this fine chapter: *whence have we derived the opinion of innate principles?* One must be possessed with the malady of the eighteenth century, offspring of the sixteenth, to attribute to the priesthood the invention of a system, unfortunately perhaps very rare, but certainly as ancient as good sense.

SUPPRESSION OF MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS IN ENGLAND.

THE whole application of Edward's short reign, was to finish the religious destruction which his father began; and that of his sister Mary's, to raise up again those ruins. The quaint conceits which prevailed under Elizabeth, are now the laughter of every Westminster school-boy; and the devices and merrie disports, by which the pageantry of her reception was celebrated at Kenilworth Castle, in which the courtly humor and wit then in vogue were displayed, are on a level with the rebuses of a Dutch schoolmaster, and the rareshows of May-fair. Even Spenser's "Fairie Queen" is no less an instance of the bad taste of those times, than of the author's genius. The reader is vexed and disappointed to find a beautiful imagination, smooth numbers, and great ease of expression, employed on the affectations and fopperies of Knight-errantry, and on an allegory that never

ends. The difference of manners in that and the present age, neither accounts for the cause of this degeneracy, nor sets the effect in a more favorable light. It means no more than that we have a discernment and elegance of mind, which they wanted. Manners have changed more since the ages of Homer and Terence, and yet their works are still agreeable and interesting, in proportion to the reader's judgment and taste; and will continue to be so in every age. Though a Bacon and a Raleigh mark the epoch of James I. the pedant reign of that monarch was not likely to produce a large crop of excellence, of which his majesty would be thought the standard. Learning and the polite arts flourished under his son; and a relish of them began to be national: and all the madness of the civil wars did not hinder one great genius from forming himself to a production

which has done as much honor to England as can be derived from poetry. But the tranquility of this prince was of a short date: and the fanaticism of the Commonwealth despised human knowledge, and was as declared a foe to taste and science as to order and law. It was not till Charles the Second's days that the general sense of the nation awakened to a discernment in the various productions of genius, and returned to the taste and elegance of Sir Thomas More, and the cotemporaries of his era.

The Monks were likewise the guardians of those sources from whence knowledge is derived, and most of the records of the age were lodged with them. Printing was then but a late invention; and they had transcribed and preserved the chief manuscripts, both as to number and value. But, at the dissolution, a very different fate happened to these repositories of learning; for instead of being removed to public libraries, they fell, with the Monasteries, to the lot of persons who understood nothing of their value, but the price they would yield; and were often thrown into the grant as things of small consideration. The avarice of the late intruders was so mean, and their ignorance so undistinguishing, that when the books happened to have costly covers, they tore them off, and threw away the works, or turned them to the vilest purposes. A citizen, who had purchased two magnificent libraries for forty shillings, made no other use of them, during ten years, says a Protestant bishop,* who was acquainted with him, but as waste paper.

Besides the advantages of literature, which the nation received from the Monastic profession, there were others still more diffused, and more universally felt. The reserved rents

of these landlords were low, and their fines easy. A part of the produce of the farm, without money, often discharged the tenant. A boundless hospitality was kept up to all sorts of persons; and public entertainment given to the nobility and gentry, when they travelled. An estimate may be made of their alms from the following instance. While the religious houses subsisted, there were no provisions made by Parliament to relieve the poor, no assessment on the parish for that purpose: but, at present, this charge on the kingdom amounts, by a low computation, to above £800,000 a year. Now if we compare the annual income of £135,522, 18 shillings, and 10 pence, which was the appraisement of the Monastic lands, with the poor tax, we shall see what the nation has gained by the dissolution. Nor does the different valuation of money in those and the present times make any difference in the nature of the burden, as the possessors of the Abbey lands would find, if this rent-charge, which is drawn on the whole nation, was levied on them only. To these general benefits we must add those which particular parts of the community found in these institutions. The Abbeys which held by Knights service furnished a certain number of soldiers, proportioned to their estates, and equipped them for the field at their own charge. They paid a sum of money to defray the expense of Knighthood, when that distinction was conferred on their founder's heir; and contributed to a fortune for the marriage of their lord's eldest daughter. The founders likewise had the privilege of *Corrody*, or of quartering a certain number of poor servants on the Abbeys; and thus the aged and worn out with labor, who were no longer in a condition to support themselves, were not thrown up to starving, or parish collections; but had a com-

* John Bale's, Bishop of Ossory, declaration on Leland's Journal, anno 1549.

fortable retreat, where they were maintained during life, without the hardships or marks of indigence.* On these considerations a celebrated historian has made no difficulty to assert, that it would be but an act of common justice, to give the generality of Protestants a more favorable opinion of Monasteries;† and the complicated and national guilt which was incurred by dissolving them, has induced others to look on the calamities which trod on the heels of this iniquity, as so many indications of a provoked and avenging God.‡ Of a hundred families of note and fortune, which were in the county of Norfolk before the dissolution, all that had enriched themselves by these spoils of sacrilege, were either extinct, or much impaired, in Sir Henry Spelman's time, among which that great and excellent man acknowledges his own.§ The day which gave commencement to this crime was thought ominous; for on the meeting of the Long Parliament, from which the Church of England dates her misfortunes, several persons entreated Archbishop Laud to move the king to have it adjourned for a short time, it being the same day on which the Legislature, in Henry the Eighth's reign, began the dissolution of religious houses.|| The anger of Heaven exercised on the nobility a still severer vengeance than in permitting their possessions to moulder away, and their families to fall; more of that class having been attainted, and died by the hand of the executioner, within twenty years after the dissolution, than during the preceding five hundred; which was the space between the

conquest and that period; and the Commons, doubtless, in their turn, have drunk deep of this cup of deadly wine. "England sat weeping," says Camden, to see her wealth exhausted, her coin embased, and her Abbeyes demolished, which were the monuments of ancient piety."¶

The king was not satisfied with breaking up the communities, and seizing their possessions; he would likewise destroy their habitations. CARDINAL Pole speaking of this devastation, observes, that whilst these stood, they reminded mankind there had been a time when they belonged to other owners; and Henry was desirous to efface all such remembrancers.** The buildings, for the most part, were very noble; and, as far as the forecast of their religious founders could reach, designed to resist the injuries of time, and to be perpetual sanctuaries of divine worship; and as it was no easy work to demolish such structures by the usual methods of pulling down, he caused them to be blown up. By this means, says the CARDINAL, "many noble edifices, and almost the only ones in England which deserved that name, the ornaments of the kingdom, which hostile invasion and civil wars had spared, and which had stood the test of ages, were, in a few hours, reduced to heaps of ruin." I shall only be particular in two instances, which the noble relator has set forth in all the eloquence that ever animated a Grecian or Roman writer, on subjects with which they were most affected.††

There was at Canterbury a celebrated Monastery of St. Austin, by whose preaching, labors, and mira-

* Fuller's Ch. Hist. b. 6. p. 335. Collier's Ch. Hist. vol. 2. b. 3. p. 165, and 166.

† Tanner's Preface to his Notitia Monastica.

‡ Fuller's Ch. Hist. b. 6. pag. 371.

§ Spelman, Præf. de non temer. Eccles.

|| Echard's History of England, vol. 2. p. 194.

¶ Introduction to the Annals of Queen Elizabeth, p. 5.

**Apol. ad Carolum V. Cæs.

†† Apol. ad Carolum V. Cæs. § 23, and seq. The following lines of Sir John Denham, who distinguished himself in the Royal cause of King Charles I. and was one of the parents of English poetry, describe a

cles, our Saxon ancestors had received the benefit of Christianity; and who, on that account, had been revered, during seven centuries, by the whole nation, as their apostle. His remains were preserved in a magnificent shrine, and had been the object of public veneration through that long tract of time; and there was a stately church adjoining to the Monastery, in which divine service was performed with great magnificence, and daily supplications offered up for the king's and nation's welfare. The shrine, by Henry's orders, was profaned, pillaged, and destroyed; and the Church and Monastery entirely demolished. The inclosure was laid waste, and appropriated to wild beasts; and a palace raised out of the ruins, for something still more savage, *himself*.

In the Cathedral of the same city was a tomb sacred to the memory of St. Thomas, Archbishop of that See, and adorned with every effort of art and magnificence, by which our own and foreign countries could express their veneration for him, whose remains it enclosed. The king, who by a rash expression gave occasion to his murder, had testified the most unfeigned grief, and atoned for it by a very exemplary penitence; and the perpetrators of the fact lived and died the outcasts of mankind. He had been acknowledged by the whole Christian world, for the space of three hundred years, as a great servant of God, who laid down his life

in his cause, and as a principal patron of the English nation. His tomb had been visited from the remotest parts of Europe, by persons of the first distinction, and, amongst others, by Lewis VII. of France; who enriched it with a donary worthy so great a monarch, and suited to the importance of the occasion, which was the recovery of the Dauphin's health. The accounts of his life, and the manner of his death, which are come down to us from several contemporary writers, are so circumstantial, and related with such ingenuous plainness, that they would gain universal credit and approbation, even in these days of refinement, did not the cause prejudice the reader against the constancy shown in suffering for it.* On the strength of these reasons, the greatest scholar, orator, and divine of his age,† has made the following remark; "That if the cause, in which the prelate died, has appeared equivocal to the low views of worldly prudence, it has pleased the wisdom of the Almighty to declare in its favor by wonders, which were so frequent, and so well attested by the unanimous agreement of all authors of those times, that they cannot be contested, without calling in question whatever history has transmitted to us."‡ A veneration so well founded, of such antiquity, and so universally received, did not hinder the Saint's bones from being burnt, and the ashes scattered in the wind:

disapprobation of these proceedings in as strong and elegant a strain, as would have done honor to Mr. Pope, had he been pleased to do the same justice to the cause:—

“Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand,

What barbarous invader sack'd the land?

But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring

This desolation, but a Christian king;

When nothing but the name of zeal appears,

Twixt our best actions, and the worst of theirs,

What does he think our Sacrilege would spare,

When such th' effects of our Devotions are?”

* John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres, who attended Sir Thomas in his exile, and was present at his death. William Fitz Stephens, who lived with him, and saw him expire; and many others, especially Peter of Blois, in his 75th letter.

† Lord Bolingbroke says this of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

‡ Hist. des Variat. des Eglis. Prot. t. 1 liv. 7. § 114.

and, as this happened about the same time that the Island of Rhodes was taken by the Turks, it gave CARDINAL Pole an opportunity of contrasting their behaviour, on this occasion, with Henry's rapine and impiety. These conquerors, though under all the prejudices of Mahometan superstition, had not removed any of the monuments of the Saints, which

they found in the Island, nor offered the least insult to them: they had even allowed the Christians to take away several of these venerable remains, and had behaved, through the whole affair, with the greatest decency and humanity.*

* Epist. R. Poli, pars 1. p. 104.

HOMILY OF ST. AMBROSE,

ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

GOSPEL—St. Luke x. 23–37.—“At that time, JESUS said to his disciples, Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see. For I say to you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them; and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them. And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, tempting him, and saying: Master, what must I do to possess eternal life? But he said to him, What is written in the law?—how readest thou? He answering, said: Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said to him: Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said to JESUS: And who is my neighbor? And JESUS answering, said: A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers, who had stripped him, and, having wounded him, went away, leaving him half dead. And it chanced, that a certain priest went down the same way; and, seeing him, passed by. In like manner, a Levite, when he was near the place and saw him, passed by. But a certain Samaritan, being on his journey, came near him, and seeing him, was moved with compassion; and going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and setting him upon his own breast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him: and the next day, he took out two pieces, and gave to the host, and said, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee. Which of these three, in thy opinion, was neighbor to him that fell among robbers? But he said: He that showed mercy to him. And JESUS said to him: Go, and do thou in like manner!”

THAT we may the more easily understand this passage, let us briefly relate the ancient history of the town of Jericho. This city, as we read in the book of Joshua, was of great extent, and compassed about with a wall or rampart of stone, which defied the sword and spear, and every force that man could bring against it. In it dwelt Rahab, the harlot, who, having hospitably received the spies that Joshua had sent out, gave them good counsel, and having told the citizens that they had gone their way, concealed them from their

search in the upper part of her house; moreover, she received a sign from them that she and all that belonged to her should escape the general ruin, by tying a scarlet cord to the window. Which destruction came to pass, when the walls of the city, which were impregnable, fell down before the unanimous sound of the trumpets of the priests, and the shouts of God's people.

Observe how each fulfils his several office;—the spies their watching, the harlot her craft, the conqueror fidelity, the priest religion.

The spies feared not the peril, for their reward of praise; she betrayed them not, in spite of the danger; the conqueror was more anxious to keep fidelity than to conquer; giving his orders first for the safety of the harlot, before the destruction of the town. And the powerful arms of a priest, what are they but their piety, and the loud cry of prayer? How full of wonders! for no one of all was saved, except those whom the harlot protected!

Such is the plain history; but if weighed more deeply, it unfoldeth wondrous mysteries. For Jericho is a figure of this world: to which Adam, when cast out from Paradise, (*i. e.* the heavenly Jerusalem,) descended, when, by the backsliding of his prevarication, he turned from living things to what were weak; though it was not the change of circumstance nor place, but of what came over his morals, that made him indeed an exile. And great indeed was his state changed from that of the Adam who enjoyed uninterrupted beatitude, to that in which he wallowed in worldly sins, and "fell among robbers;" among whom he had never fallen, had he not turned away from the observance of the divine command. And who are those robbers, but the angels of night and darkness, who can, at times, transform themselves into angels of light? Albeit they cannot keep up the delusion. For they first despoil us of those garments of spiritual grace, which we have put on, and so are wont to strike home and wound us; otherwise, had we kept unsullied our robes of white, we should never have felt the wounds of the robbers. Take heed, then, how you make yourselves bare, as Adam did, lest, forgetful of the custody of divine grace, you become naked, like him, and have the garment of faith taken away from you. For so the deadly wound struck our first parent, and

in him the whole race of man had died, had not the true SAMARITAN come down to cure our bitter wounds.

Nor is it indifferent that he was a Samaritan who despised not him, whom the priest and Levite had turned away from despitefully. Nor despise him as a sectarian, before you reflect on the interpretation of the word, for Samaritan means "one that keepeth." And who is that keeper, but he of whom it is written, "The Lord is the keeper of little ones," (Ps. cxiv. 6,) ? Wherefore, as there is one Jew in the letter and another in the spirit; so also there is one Samaritan openly and another in secret.

Who, then, is this Samaritan, who was coming down? who but he, in truth, "that descended from Heaven, the Son of Man, who is in Heaven," (St. John, iii. 13,) who cast an eye of pity on him who lay half dead, whom no one could cure, had not HE who was besought by her who had the issue of blood, and had spent all her living on the physicians, drawn near to him; that is, had not Jesus had a brotherly compassion on his infirmity, and, like a neighbor, poured forth on him the bowels of his mercy.

"And going up to him, he bound up his wounds, pouring in wine and oil." Many are the remedies which this physician has to cure those that are sick. His word is a remedy. One word of his binds up the wounds; another cherishes it with the oil; another pours in the oil. He binds up the wound with oil when he cherisheth it with the remission of sins; and he poureth in wine when he makes the heart wring with compunction, that is, with fear for the judgment to come.

"And setting him on his own beast, he brought him to an inn, and took care of him." See how "He beareth our sins, and mourneth over

us," and how the Shepherd beareth the wearied sheep on his shoulders. For man is like a beast of burden; and therefore he heareth and cometh to our aid, lest we should be "like the horse and mule, that have no understanding;" and by the assumption of our human nature, he taketh away the infirmity of our flesh. Therefore, also, he leads us to an inn, where those that are weary of a long journey are wont to rest; "for he raiseth up the needy from the earth, and lifteth up the poor out of the dunghill." (Ps. cxii. 7.) "And he took care of him;" lest, while we are sick, we should forget to keep the precepts he has given us.

But this Samaritan had not long to dwell upon the earth; he must return thence whence he had come down. "And the next day," that is, the day of our Lord's resurrection, of which it is said, "This is the day that the Lord hath made," (Ps. cxvii. 24,) "he took out two pieces, and gave to the host, and said: Take care of him." And what are these two pieces of money, but haply the two Testaments, which have stamped on them the express image of the Eternal King, by the price of which our wounds are cured? for we are redeemed by his precious blood, that we may escape the eating sores of everlasting death.

Now, who is the host that received these two pieces of money? Haply, he who says, "I count all things to be but loss, for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ, my Lord," (Phil. iii. 8,); or he who said, "Christ sent me to preach the gospel," (1 Cor. i. 17.) Such hosts are they of whom it is said, "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," (St. Mark, xvi. 15.) Yea, saved from death, saved from the wound which was given him by the

robbers. Blessed is that host, who can cure another's wounds. Blessed is he to whom Jesus saith, "Whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee."

He is a good steward who spendeth over and above. St. Paul was a good steward, whose discourses and epistles flowed from him over and above the measure which he had received. He fulfilled the moderate command of our Lord, with almost immoderate labor of mind and body; that so he might relieve many from their grievous sickness by the dispensation of his spiritual eloquence. He then is a good host who knoweth his Lord's herds in the stall, and who shuts up the lambs of the fold, lest the rapacious wolves should break into the hurdles, and with an easy leap, spring into the sheep pens.

Again, he promises a reward on his return. And when wilt thou return, O Lord, but in the day of judgment? For although thou art everywhere present, and standing in the midst of us, yet art thou not seen by us, nevertheless the time shall come when all flesh shall see Thee returning. Then thou shalt pay what thou owest. Blessed are they to whom thou art a debtor. Would that we were all worthy debtors; would that we could repay what we have received; and not that the office of the priesthood or the ministry, alas! should puff us up. How, then, wilt thou repay, Lord Jesus? Thou hast promised, indeed, that there shall be a plentiful reward for the good in Heaven: and that thou shalt repay what thou owest, for thou hast said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," (St. Matth. xxv. 21.)

Wherefore, since no one can be a better neighbor to us than He who cures our wounds, let us love him also as our neighbor; and as nothing is so kin as the head to the members, so let us love him who is an imitator of Christ; let us love him who, in the unity of the body cor-

porate, has compassion on another's want. For it is not kinship that makes the neighbor, but MERCY—for mercy is accordant with nature, and nothing is more accordant with nature than to show compassion to our fellow members, when they are weak and in distress.

NOTE ON THE MONK HERICUS OF AUXERRE.

HERICUS was born at a small town called Hery, in the territory of Auxerre, but at what date we have not been able to ascertain. He flourished in the ninth age of the Church; was a monk in the Benedictine house at Auxerre, and is said to have been a disciple of Haymon of Halberstadt, and Lupus of Ferrieres. He wrote a poem, in six books, "*De vita Sti. Germani Autissiodorensis*," (Auxerre,) which has been

published,—Paris, 1543, in 8vo. Also, two books on his miracles; the first of which has been printed in L'Abbe's Collection; and several homilies and other tracts, which may be found in Mabillon, tom. i. p. 143. His style is pleasing, and his Latinity pure and flowing. We believe that this is the first time he has appeared among us in an English dress:—

HOMILY OF HERICUS OF AUXERRE,

ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

GOSPEL.—Luke xvii. 11-19.—“At that time, as JESUS was going to Jerusalem, he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. And as he entered into a certain town, there met him ten men that were lepers, who stood afar off, and lifted up their voice, saying: JESUS, Master, have mercy on us; whom when he saw, he said: Go, show yourselves to the priests. And it came to pass, that as they went, they were made clean. And one of them, when he saw that he was made clean, went back, with a loud voice glorifying GOD. And he fell on his face before his feet, giving thanks; and this was a Samaritan. And JESUS answering, said: were not ten made clean, and where are the nine? There is not one found to return, and give glory to GOD, but this stranger. And he said to him: Arise, go thy way; for thy faith hath made thee whole.”

THE clearest assertion of the holy evangelists declares, that the journeys of our Lord and Saviour have ever been as full of miracles, as of mysteries; for it was not through need that he travelled from place to place, but rather, that by this he might provide somewhat for the sal-

vation of man. For, passing through, he went from place to place,—that he might help all, that he might come to all, that he might meet individuals, that he might gather together all; that he might compel some by his miracles, others by his preaching, to the faith. And he,

therefore, who filleth all things with his divinity, willed, in his humanity, to be circumscribed within the limits of a place; that by assuming what we are, he might make us partakers of his divinity.

But it is not enough that we take this journey of our Lord only in the carnal sense; if we do not examine to see whether haply some hidden mystery lurk within. The journey of our Lord is the passage from earth to heaven. For "He was going," that is, having fulfilled his passion, having passed through this world in haste, he returned to his Father: "He was going," as if he hastened from mortality to immortality; from pain, to glory; from contempt, to his kingdom. Now, "while he was going to Jerusalem, he passed through the midst of Samaria." Our Lord, mindful of man's salvation, for the restoring of which he had come down from heaven; for, his passion now at hand, "was going to the city of Jerusalem," fearing not the Jewish nation, how savage soever, nor how anxiously soever they thirsted for the shedding of his blood. In Jerusalem was the temple of the Lord; there was the Jewish priesthood; there was the worship of holy religion; there also, thrice every year every male of the Jews appeared, according to the legal commandment; and so our Lord oftentimes went to that city, desiring to announce there to many the words of salvation, and to show his miracles, so that even while he was on the way, he heralded his path thither with miracles.

"And he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. And as he entered into a certain town, there met him ten men that were lepers," for thus they were, by a decree of the law, separated from the common habitation of houses and cities. Samaria was an independent state or country, in which of old the ten

tribes had flourished, before they fell from the worship of God, and were led into captivity by the Assyrians. These, then, were carried away into exile from their own country, and a mixed people of the Assyrians dwelt there in their stead. But the greater part of Galilee belonged to the Jewish kingdom, for therein was Nazareth, the native country (if I may be permitted to use the expression) of our Lord. Wherefore our Lord going to Jerusalem for his passion, the fulfilment of which was hastened every step he took, visited also these provinces as he went along, and enlightened them by the wonders of his miracles. "And as he entered into a certain town." The holy evangelist would not here particularly mention the name of this town; to signify that the place where he met those lepers, was a place far apart from the dwelling of man; for by the law's decree they were condemned to be separated from the common resort of men. But it is to be noticed, that our Lord did not meet those lepers in a village, town, or city, but rather, on his journey, because the law commanded, by the ministry of the priesthood, that such should be separated from all the people, and so being separated from the common haunts of men, were not met by our Lord in a village or town, but rather, on his journey. While he was "*entering* into the town," they met him, because *their cure was at hand*, whence, on seeing our Lord, they called out: even to him who, whilst he was giving bodily health, could also give the precepts of eternal life. But as our Lord taught that the divine law must ever be obeyed, as a law that is given by him, therefore he sent them to the priests, saying: "Go, show yourselves to the priests;" for the law commanded, that if any one should incur the stain of leprosy, he should be brought to the priest;

that by his decision he might be judged to be clean or unclean. (Levit. xiii.) Wherefore, by a wise dispensation, our Lord sent the lepers to the priests, for many reasons. First, to avoid all pretence of calumny,—that he had been more lax than they. Secondly, that seeing these lepers cured, whom neither they nor the law could cure, they might either believe and be saved, or if they believed not, might be inexcusable in his advent. Thirdly, that by this he might more highly commend the priesthood of the holy Church; for if that priesthood, which served in a type and figure, was so venerable in its time that it should be honored by our Lord himself, how much more must that which ministereth not in figure, but in truth, be revered and worshipped with all honor.

Again: "Whom when he saw, he said: Go, show yourselves to the priests." Amongst all whom our Lord is narrated to have cured of many infirmities, and on many occasions, on none did he impose any condition, save only on these lepers, to show themselves to the priests. Now this may be interpreted literally, which plainly shows, that he might have done this to prevent those who calumniated him from having any weapon against him, in refusing due honor and reverence to the priesthood, especially as this cure of the lepers was to be especially judged by the priests. But if the spiritual interpretation is sought, it is evident that the priesthood of the Jews was the type of the royal and Christian priesthood, which now, by God's grace, remaineth in the Church; by which all belonging to it are, by the members of the true priesthood, made clean, and consecrated.

"And it came to pass, that as they went, they were made clean." A speedy health aptly followed a ready

obedience; and it happened by a mighty providence, that they were cured before they came to the priests, lest, had it taken place in their presence, they might have thought that they were cured in their ministry, and not by the virtue of His sending. But what we briefly notice in the literal sense, the very order of the matter shows to be full of mysteries. For this privilege especially pertains to the miracles of our Lord,—that while historically true, yet when spiritually examined they unfold the sweetness of hidden mysteries within. Let us then examine these mysteries, and press out the honey. These lepers may, not inaptly, designate heretics. Leprosy is of this nature; that it spots the skin which is infected by it; so also, heretics lie while they they speak the truth, and mix truth with falsehood; and a dogma which is, as it were, of one color, they tinge with a variety of superinduced falsehood; for if they always followed truth, they would not be heretics; or if they always spoke what was false, no one but would say of them, that they were above measure mad. They mingle, therefore, true with false, as said above; that whilst the superimposed truth is received, the hidden murrain of falsehood may creep within; after the manner of those poisoners who anoint the rims of the vessel with honey, that while the sweetness of the honey is only thought of, the poison of the cup may be drained more greedily.

Again: but as in the leprosy, the mixture of divers colors makes the man filthy, so, not inaptly, by the spiritual interpretation, lepers figure heretics, who, not having the unity of the faith, are infected with divers errors. For you must know, that there is no doctrine so false, but that it is mixed with some truth; either lest if too openly false, it should not be received: or, if wholly

true, it would not be heretical. But as the wounds of a body appearing on the skin, mark the flesh with divers scars, so, in the doctrine of every heretic, the false is mingled with the true; that under the pretext of truth, the noxious falsehood may prevail; as the poisoner anoints the lip of the cup with honey, that by the taste of sweetness the victim may come to the cup of death. Now, as a pestilence of that kind is driven out only by the princes of the Church; and as the authors of it are cast out from the fellowship of all Christendom, they are necessarily obliged to call on the Lord Jesus with a loud voice, that they may be saved. Nor is it without signification, that the holy evangelists note that there were ten lepers: "There met him ten men that were lepers"—commendable in respect of numbers, but all unclean. So are the heretics who receive the ten commandments, and affirm that they fulfil them; asserting that they are professors of the Christian faith. The number is well, but the insincerity of their evil doctrine is offensive: as the apostle St. Paul says, "Having an appearance, indeed, of godliness, they deny the power thereof," (2 Tim. iii. 5.) Such as these should be cast from the habitation of the city of God; that is, from the communion of the universal Church; at least, that they be condemned, and separated from the fellowship of all, till such time as they are tired of their long wandering, and are forced to call upon Christ with a loud voice, and to confess that He is indeed the teacher of truth. For this is what the evangelist says: "They stood afar off, and lifted up their voice, saying: Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." So they stood afar off, and drew not near to our Lord, seeing that they were separated, as we have already said, from the fellow-

ship of all. And they cried with a loud voice, lest the noise of the surrounding crowd should by chance drown their cries. Well do they call Him master—of their cure—seeing they acknowledge that they have wandered from his faith and doctrine, and it is well that they should repair in Him, what they had impaired by leaving Him; and that they should seek from Him the blessing of their desired salvation.

"Whom when he saw, he said: Go, show yourselves to the priests. And it came to pass, as they went, they were made clean." The leprosy may have four different significations. The infidelity of the heathens; the perfidy of the Jews; the error of heretics; or the stain of grievous sins. From this manifold leprosy, whosoever would be cleansed, must needs go to the Church,—must seek the priests, and by their ministry divest himself of the stains of his sins, without which, it is evident that he cannot be cured of his sickness. For, as the lepers were sent to the priests, it is evident that converted heretics ought to show themselves to the priests and ministers of the Church, and to lay open for examination, the error of their wicked doctrine, like the varied color of the skin; and so, having been instructed by them in the rules of the Catholic faith, may be restored to their former cleanness and beauty. For though our Lord, who is the great high priest, and the true teacher, might by his interior teaching, inspire what it was fitting to hold, yet he would not vouchsafe so great a dispensation, that by this, those who were to be taught, should be made solid by a profound humility, and so, being humbled, be made more worthy for receiving the sacraments of faith. For even St. Paul, who had been instructed by a divine revelation from heaven, who says that he had received his

gospel "not of man, nor by man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ," (Gal. i. 1,) was yet sent to Ananias, (Acts, ix.) that from him he might receive the truth of the faith, and all else that the ecclesiastical order requires to be fulfilled. What then does that mean, that they were made clean *before* they came to the priests? Haply it signifies that there are many of fervent faith, who, whilst they are seeking for holy teachers, for the recovering the health of their souls, are gifted with so much preventing grace of God, that even before the laver of baptism they have already laid aside the leprosy; and by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, have deserved to be cleansed from original sin. Such was fulfilled in Cornelius and those of his household, of whom we read,—“While Peter was yet speaking, the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the word.” Then Peter said, “Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost, as well as we?” (Acts, x. 44–47.) For the manifold mercy of God conferred this power on the prelates and priests of his Church, that they should give a sanction to the confessors of penance, and should admit them, when cleansed by the same salutary satisfaction, to the gate of reconciliation; and so, by the ordained commands of the divine will, God’s pardon cannot be obtained but by the supplications of the priests.

“And one of them, when he saw that he was made clean, went back, with a loud voice glorifying God.” How high the merit, and how great the faith of this one was, may be gathered from this,—that while all the rest continued ungrateful, he alone returned to give thanks to Him that cleansed him; holding lightly of the priesthood to whom he had been sent, but anxious

to present himself before the face of Christ,—the true priest,—who is a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech; who is the pontiff of pontiffs, and priest of priests. That there was but one, and all the rest were ungrateful, who returned alone, to give thanks to Christ, signifies he who in humility returns to the one Church, devoted to God; who daily poureth forth thanks to the true God, and, repressing his own presumptuous thoughts, looks humbly on his own infirmity; who attributes nothing good to himself, but confesses that all proceedeth from the divine clemency. For it is well said, “that he went back with a loud voice,” for he felt in his soul that God’s mercy to him was great. Well did he return, with a loud voice glorifying God, whose omnipotence he had experienced in his sudden restoration; and by so doing, proves that he is a true member of the Church, who amidst the blasphemies of heretics and Jews, against Christ, ceases not daily to give praise and thanksgiving to him; wherefore, it is well added, “that he fell upon his face before his feet, giving thanks.” Such a falling is the property of the elect. But the reprobate are ever falling backwards, as it is written of the persecutors, when our Lord said to them, “I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground,” (St. John, xviii. 6.) And of the followers of antichrist it is said, under the figure of what Jacob said to Dan:—“Let Dan be a snake in the way, a serpent in the path, that biteth the horses heels, that his rider may fall backward,” (Gen. xlix. 17.) For he that falleth backward, falleth there where he knoweth not what snare lies hid: but he that falleth forward, seeth all that lies before him. The reprobates fall backward; for whilst they neglect to bring past sins now before the eyes of their

mind, after a little while, they truly fall backward; that is, they fall unhappily into eternal punishment, which they would not foresee: but to fall on the face, is to be ashamed of what is done through ignorance or neglect,—for of such falling forwards the apostle St. Paul speaks, when he says, “What fruit had you then in those things, of which you are now ashamed?” (Rom. vii. 21.)

But what does the holy evangelist mean by emphatically interposing this?—“And this was a Samaritan;” a clause not superfluously or idly inserted, if we consider the interpretation of the word. Samaritan means a keeper; which word most aptly declares, one who would rather keep the gifts of the health he has received, with a humble and grateful heart, than by his pride and ingratitude lose them. Now this Samaritan was a stranger. We often read in the Gospel, that the Gentiles came to our Lord to hear him, and to be cured by him; as soon as they were healed, they immediately gave thanks to God: but the Jews, who continually saw his miracles, and were cleansed by him, remained ever ungrateful. In the spiritual sense, the Samaritan, which is interpreted *a keeper*, signifies the whole people of the Gentiles, converted by faith unto God, who have a charge given them to keep their souls in humility. For while the Gentile people are converted to God, all the good they possess they attribute to God; they keep watchfully the blessings conferred on them by the divine power, singing with the psalmist,—“I will keep my strength to thee: for thou, my God, art my protector,” (Ps. lvi. 10.)

“And Jesus answering, said: were not ten made clean; and where are the nine?” Deservedly does our Saviour ask after those who were ungrateful, as if they were strangers, when he says, “and where are the nine?” So that while it proves that

he knows whom he has chosen, it shows, that he may be said, without incongruity, not to know the wicked: to whom he shall say in the last day, “I know you not whence you are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity, (St. Luke, xiii. 27:) not because any thing is hidden from God, but that he reprobates the ways of the wicked, of whom the lepers are the figure.

Therefore our Lord says, “Were not ten made clean; but where are the nine?” There wants but one to make up the form of unity in the decimal scale; for the nature of the numeral ten is such, that no number can go on without its repetition, that is, by beginning again with a unit. By the same token, one needs not the nine to complete its unity, but the nine needs *one* to complete its unity in the denary scale. In like manner are those who are placed in the unity of Holy Church; those who are designed by the one, need not the members which are without, through infidelity, to perfect their number; but those who are without need the help of the elect, that by their ministry and intercession, they may deserve to be incorporated into Holy Church, without which they cannot be saved.

Again; of those who remained ungrateful it is subjoined, “There is no one found to return, and give glory to God, but this stranger.” Above it was said that ten were made clean, but here, that no one was found to return and give glory to God but this stranger. According to the letter, it is easy for a man to seem sound in *body*, but yet remain ungrateful; but in a spiritual sense, it is wonderful why it can be said that those are cured, who, by God’s grace, are converted from infidelity to the faith, and yet remain ungrateful: for if any one be perfectly clean by faith and baptism, how is he ungrateful to God, whose mercy hath

brought him from infidelity to the faith? For, if ungrateful, how can he be clean? But we must know, that some there are in the congregation of the faithful, who are cleansed indeed by the faith, and baptism, but who remain ungrateful by their want of good works; of whom the apostle Paul says: "Who when they knew God, they have not glorified him as God, or given thanks," (Rom. i. 21.) For when he says that they have known the Lord, he shows that they have been cleansed from their leprosy; but when he adds, that they glorified not God, nor gave him thanks, they are accused of ingratitude. "For there was no one found who returned and gave thanks to God." The sentence and hardness of the Jews is reprov'd, and the openness of the Gentiles to believe is commended: for in almost every place of the holy Gospel, we find that the Jews have been slow in believing, but the Gentiles eager, yea, most ready to receive the faith. Thus of the blessed centurion it is said, "I have not found so great faith in Israel," (St. Matth. viii. 10;) and so in his passion, when the Gentiles desired to look upon him.

"There is no one found to return and give thanks to God, but this stranger." As if he had said, "My fellow-citizens hate me; but strangers embrace me. The Jews persecute me, the Gentiles come round and reverence me. Those toil, that after all my benefits they may put me to death; these, that they may give thanks for the graces they have received."

"And Jesus saith to him,—Arise,

go thy way, for thy faith hath made thee whole." Arise: that is to say, from the vices of thy sins, and go to the work of virtue. Our Lord praiseth him who falleth down and simply adores him, and that he may arise, he breathes on him the breath of his mouth; and him who perfectly believes, he approves, so as to deserve to be wholly saved. Moreover, he shows, that if this simple belief deserve the grace of conversion, so truly, infidelity condemns those who believe not; for we must first *arise*, when we awake from our sins,—when we oppose our evil and innate habits,—when we are displeased with what we are: but we *walk* when we set our foot in the way of God's commandments,—in good works; when we exercise our unused, and, at it were, slothful mind, in the study of virtue. Spiritually, also, we may understand, that since those who stand within the pale of God's Church are saved by faith, so those who are without, are assuredly, by their infidelity, condemned; and they that, falling at the feet of our Lord, are commanded to arise,—obey, as they who hold an upright path, in the keeping of humility; who humbly bow themselves to their Creator, after the manner of him who returned cleansed, to give thanks to God; who are ordered, by the consolation of the divine word, to arise from their sins, and to come to the exercise of the works of virtue, till by daily increase therein, they may be raised to perfection, in which they may deserve to contemplate the God of Gods in the eternal Sion. Amen.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

FERIA TERTIA.—AT LAUDS.

Ales Dicit Nuntius, etc.

I.

THE bird, sweet harbinger of day,
Sings to the morn his early lay :
And Christ our minds who disenthral,
To life again his children calls :

II.

Shake off your lethargy, he cries ;
Rise from your couches, promptly rise ;
Be chaste, and sober, and sincere,
And vigilant—for I am near.

III.

To Jesus let our fervent prayers,
With temperance mingled and with tears,
Ascend ; for supplication deep
Forbids the cleanly heart to sleep.

IV.

O Christ! our slumbers put to flight,
Asunder burst the chains of night ;
Release us from our ancient sin,
And kindle a new light within.

V.

Glory to God the Father's name,
And to his only Son the same,
And Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

FERIA QUARTA.—AT MATINS.

Rerum Creator Optime, etc.

I.

SUPREME Creator of all things,
And Ruler of mankind,
Look down on us, in slumbers chained ;
These sluggish chains unbind.

II.

Forgive, O Saviour, we implore,
All our iniquities :
For, to confess them and bewail,
Before the day we rise.

III.

To thee our minds and hearts we raise,
As bade the Prophet old,

And Paul was wont, amid the shades
Of night, as we are told.

IV.

Thou see'st the evil we have done,
To thee our thoughts appear :
Forgive our crimes—for we have sinned—
Our prayer and sobbings hear.

V.

Grant this, O Father most benign,
Who with thy only Son,
And with the Holy Paraclete,
Eternally art ONE.

SUNDAY.—AT PRIME.*

Jam Lucis Orto Sidere.

Now that the star of light is up,
Our suppliant prayers to God ascend,
That from all harm, this live-long day,
He may us graciously defend.

I.

May he our tongues refrain and guide,
That no discordant feuds may swell :
And so our eye-sight he may guard,
That on no vanities it dwell.

II.

May every heart be truly pure ;
Be envy banished far away,
And temperance and frugal meals
Humble the flesh beneath their sway.

III.

That when the day-light shall decline,
And night spread out her shadowy wing,
By abstinence from guilt preserved,
Our hymns of glory we may sing.

IV.

To God the Father and the Son,
Unending, equal glory be,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and for all eternity.

* Sunday, at Prime, omitted, by mistake, in its proper place.

HOMILY OF HERICUS OF AUXERRE,

ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

GOSPEL—Matth. vi. 24-33.—“At that time, JESUS said to his disciples: No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or he will sustain the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore, I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment? Behold the birds of the air; for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them! Are not you of much more value than they? and which of you, by taking thought, can add to his stature one cubit? and for raiment why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin, but I say to you, that not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these! Now if God so clothe the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more you, O ye of little faith! Be not solicitous, therefore, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye, therefore, first the Kingdom of God, and his justice; and all these things shall be added unto you.”

OUR Lord became man for this purpose; that he might snatch us from the power of darkness, and make us a kingdom, unto God the Father. As he himself says in the Gospel, speaking in a parable; “A certain nobleman went into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom,” (St. Luke xix. 12,) by which words, he could mean no one but himself; who, for this end, vouchsafed to come from Heaven to this region of wretchedness and death, that he might dissipate the empire of the devil, which, by a certain treaty, had bound it in a compact of sin and everlasting death, and that he might exalt his own Kingdom by the laws of justice and meekness. Wherefore, to those who had broken the bonds of the kingdom of the devil, and in the spirit of obedience had submitted with ready devotion to the heavenly edicts, our most victorious Sovereign thus spoke in these words, saying, “No man can serve two masters.” As if exhorting them to discipline in their spiritual warfare, he had said: “If you make choice of the law of my empire

with all your heart, you must, above all things, deny the service of your former master. For no one can do service to both at the same time; since what I and he command are contrary the one to the other. For I command the fulfilment of all sanctity and honesty; and he the exercise of all things base and dishonorable. I command my soldier alertly to take for his arms virtue, and to set a watch for keeping humility and meekness; and he, for the sake of pride to give death to the innocent. How, then, can you give equal service to both, seeing their rule is so different?”

These words of our Redeemer instruct us how to avoid the cares of this world; to despise earthly things, and to thirst zealously after such as are heavenly. “No one (he saith) can serve two masters,” which is literally apparent without any exposition; seeing no one could serve two masters, so as to please both equally and do equal service to both; “For either he will hate the one, and love the other; or he will sustain the one and despise the other.” And who

these two masters are in the spiritual sense, the subsequent verse shows,—"You cannot serve God and mammon," *i. e.* Christ and the devil. For what share hath Christ with the devil, or what participation is there between light and darkness? and therefore our Lord adds, speaking of the two masters, "For either he will hate the one and love the other; or he will sustain the one and despise the other." Either he will hate the one, that is the devil, because he is bad; and will love the other, that is Christ, as our meek Lord himself commanded, saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind," (St. Matth. xxii. 37;) or he will sustain the other, that is the devil, his hard and cruel master. For with his harsh commands he maketh even the lovers of this world tremble; and when once he hath got ascendancy over men, he compels them to do evil, willing or unwilling—and yet his commands are not fulfilled without most grievous toil; for often, in order to fulfil them, men make choice of exile, shipwreck, loss of goods, yea, death itself; as the prophet writes, "They have labored to commit iniquity." (Jer. ix. 5.) Such then, is this master whom they sustain, even against their will, and serve as slaves; but from whose tyranny, when they have once acknowledged, by their own act, him as their sovereign, they cannot be delivered by their own strength, but only by the most mighty hand of God.

Again: "You cannot serve God and mammon." The word *mammon*, in Hebrew and Syriac, means riches; in the Phœnician, gain is called *mammon*, both of which have reference to the same end. Hence it is well put for avarice especially, or covetousness, to show plainly that the slaves of riches must also be the slaves of the devil; for the apostle

hesitates not to call covetousness the serving of idols; "and covetousness which is the service of idols." (Col. iii. 5.) In this place, it is particularly to be noticed that it is not said, You cannot serve God and possess riches; but that "You cannot serve God and mammon," *i. e.* riches. For we read that many of the holy patriarchs possessed in their times much riches; and nevertheless served God. Thus, Abraham was rich exceedingly, seeing he went with three hundred and eighteen of his servants, to war against seven kings, whom he overthrew, and brought back the spoil to his brother Lot. (Gen. xiv.) Thus also Job, that wondrous exemplar of patience, is declared by the testimony of holy Scripture to have been exceeding great among all the people of the east, (Job i.) What need we say of the most holy David, in whom riches abounded, and the magnificence of an empire was supplied; to whom gifts were brought by the subject nations around him. Now, although each of these possessed riches, yet they served not riches, but God; for they put not their trust in riches, nor did they keep them like slaves, but like masters they dispensed them bounteously; holding them in use, not keeping them in desire; and having them by their side, as gifts they had received, to be given again profitably away. Hence, the blessed David, when set on the throne of his kingdom, showed that he put not his trust in deceitful riches, when he said: "But I am poor and needy, as all my fathers were." (Ps. cviii. 22.) Yea, even those who were rich could say, "If riches abound, set not your heart upon them." He, then, that keepeth his riches as a slave, and dispenseth them not as a master, is the slave of the devil; and by serving riches, he is compelled to serve the devil; for by his lust after them,

he binds himself subject to the devil, who, by height of wickedness has supremacy over earthly things, or as he is called by our Lord, the prince of this world. Wherefore, then, let those that are rich give ear; and choose rather to be the servants of Christ, than sell themselves to the bondage of riches. Let them learn not to strive after present things, but rather to sow the seeds of hope for eternity; that the indigence of the poor may fulfil their souls, and their sins be redeemed thereby.

"Therefore, I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body what you shall put on." As if he were to say: Since you cannot serve God at the same time with the lusts of the world; and you ought not to put your trust in the uncertainty of riches, therefore I say to you be not solicitous in heaping up riches; in which your mind being entangled, will be estranged from the love of your Maker. It is not said, you must not seek after what you shall eat or what you shall put on, but be not solicitous—it is not the toil that is forbidden, but the anxiety. For it is written, "that in the sweat of his face man shall eat bread," (Gen. iii. 19.)—"with labor and toil he shall eat thereof all the days of his life." (Id. 17.) Therefore, the acquiring of necessities in not forbidden, but all solicitude; that is, superfluous care in the procuring of these. Now, solicitude has been defined by one of the ancients* to be a sickness of the mind caused by immoderate care; it is a thing superfluous, and an anxiety more than is just,—for the labor after necessities is by no means forbidden; thus the Psalmist says: "Thou shalt eat the labors of thy hands." (Ps. cxxvii. 2.) And the apostle Paul

says: "Rather let him labor working with his hands that he may have something to give to him that suffereth need." (Ephes. iv. 28.) Therefore, labor must be used to supply what is needful, and all solicitude avoided, which consults not necessity but lust.

"Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment? Of these two, namely, the soul, and the body, man is formed. All that we seek must be either for its own sake, or for some other end. Wisdom, that is God, must be sought for His own sake; all else, but as a medicine which is taken not for itself, but with a view to the health of the body. No one can doubt that this is the greater which is sought for itself, than that which is sought for some other end. Whence it follows, that the life is more than the food, which is sought for but to maintain life; and the body more than the raiment, which is only sought to cover its nakedness. Hence our Lord calls to our mind, that He who gave us our being, and gave us both soul and body, will also give us food and raiment; and that He who has already given us what is greater, will give us also what is less, namely, the necessary means to their sustenance."

"Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them." Without a doubt, man is better than a bird of the air, for man is made after the image and likeness of God; but a bird is an irrational creature, and when it dies, both soul (*i. e.* the living principle) and body die, but when man dies in the body, yet his soul liveth in the sight of God. "Behold (*i. e.* consider) the birds of the air; they neither sow nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them," that is, they are nourished by the

* "Sollicitudo est ægritudo animi cum immoderata cogitatione."—*Cic.*

will of God. If then, the birds of the air, which are mortal, are nourished by the Providence of God, how much more shall not men, to whom eternity is promised, be over-ruled by His Providence: for "are not you of much more value than they?"—not more in respect of numbers, but of dignity,—of a higher price, that is, of more value; for they are but irrational, and when they die, perish body and soul; but you were made after the image of God, predestined to eternity, and in your very nature more exalted; therefore, you ought to weigh well what you are, lest being given too much to earthly things, you fall unto the earth, yea, to its lowest depths.

"And which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?" As if he would say, God hath created you, yea, without your solicitude, hath clothed and fed you. You could not do the least thing for yourselves without God; therefore, leave to his Providence the care of providing food and raiment for the body, as you must leave to him its growth. Again, as an example was given from the birds of the air, of food, so an illustration of His providing raiment is given by the comparison of the lilies of the field, as follows: "And for raiment why are you solicitous? consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin." By which lesson we are taught, that though destitute of sense and reason, yet are they clothed by the Providence of God; that if they are clothed in comeliness and fairly adorned, who, being senseless, need it not; how much more do you not think shall not reasonable man, if he put all his hope on God, want for that which he is taught to look for from His divine favor? Where, note that our Lord here prefers the lilies of the fields before all other herbs, which toil not in their growth,

nor spin, that is, twist their fibres, as their beautiful clothing shows; of which he goes on to say, "But I say to you, that not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these." Nor must we omit to note what some of the doctors assert, that here we are admonished, by the example of the angels; for they say well that more is to be understood here than a flower; as assuredly more than man was understood in Solomon, who, for his excellence, was more than man; seeing he founded the Temple of God, and that he was, in a mystery, a figure of the True Solomon, that is, of Christ. Therefore, by the lilies is expressed the glory of the heavenly angels, by whose light we are adorned, and by whose odor of sanctity we are delighted. Again: those angelical lilies,—that is, those blessed troops—are weighed down with no solicitude—they use no labor or toil, but do service in the grace of divine liberty and the gifts of their divine nature. To this may be added, that the lilies require no culture, and that their reproduction is not as other herbs:—

"Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem."

Virgilii Georg. ii. 401.

"To the husbandmen, in circling course, returns their wonted toil;" yet though the flower was cut down and cast aside, and seemed to wither and become dry, yet it was nourished inwardly in the virtue of its root; and, by and bye, called out by the softness of the spring's return, it is clothed once again in the bravery of fair flowers; so the angelical dignities ever receive of that beauty which they had in the lot of their first origin, as it pleased him to appoint it. Hence, the earthly Solomon, albeit surrounded with the greatest glory, could not be compared to such flowers; for although the glory of his intellect and works adorned the

weakness of his corporeal nature with a certain majesty ; yet could it by no means be compared with the angelical height ; since being without the hindrance of human frailty, they kept the adornment of incorrupted goodness—even that beauty of immortality, that incorruptible vesture, which our Lord hath promised he will give unto his elect in the resurrection, when he saith, “ They shall be as the angels of God in Heaven,” (St. Matth. xxii. 30.)

“ But I say unto you, that not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these.” Of all the kings of Israel, the sacred history tells of none that equalled Solomon in riches ; and that amongst the other riches of his dignity, he abounded in the glory of his garments, and of their precious variety, so that all that ministered before him were clothed in his costly raiment. As we read of the Queen of Saba, who had come from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon : “ When she saw the order of his ministers, and their apparel, she had no longer any spirit in her,” (3 Reg. x. 5.) But yet, though he was adorned with so great honor, and decked in such splendor of apparel ; yet he was not clothed in so much beauty as one of these lilies. And in very deed, what weaving or work of women can equal the beauty of flowers ? What tint so lovely as the rose ? what fairness like that of the lily ? what purple can equal the beauty of the violet, or what tincture can overpass it ? No ! “ Not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these ;” “ in all his glory,” that is in all the greatness of his kingdom ; in the beauty of his delicacies ; or, as we have said, in all the variety and costliness of his apparel.

Now the reason why this simili-

tude, drawn from his splendor, was used, appears in what follows : “ And if the grass of the field which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe, how much more you, O ye of little faith ?” He calls the same the grass of the field, which he had called above the lilies of the field ; that is, all herbs adorned with fair colors. Now this word to-morrow, does not mean the succeeding day, but, as often in other places of holy scripture, it is put for a succeeding time, and the sense is this : if God so clothe the grass to-day, in its freshness and greenness, which shall so soon fall and wither, and girds about with so much comeliness what to-morrow shall be cast into the fire, with how much more weighty diligence will he provide you with all things necessary for your preparation for the eternal inheritance ? which, since you believe not (as you ought,) but still doubt ; therefore, are ye “ of little faith.” He calls his apostles very little ones in faith, for as yet they had not reached to the summit of faith : whence they also said to our Lord : “ Increase our faith,” (St. Luke xvii. 5.)

“ Be not solicitous, therefore, saying, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed ?” Where, observe that he does not say, do not seek after nor be solicitous for meat or drink ; but what you shall eat and what you shall drink. In which those are particularly pointed at, who, living in community, despise the general rule, and seek after some singularity, either of relaxation or severity, contrary to the rest, as if they thought themselves either better or stronger than the others : both are blameworthy, for both are singular ; for elation is got of too much pomp ; and from too great abjectness and mean appearance of raiment under the semblance of reli-

gion, praise, and the matter of acquiring favor, is ministered to. Between both lies the royal road; so that neither too costly a garment may show one to be high, nor too mean a one show him to be more religious than just.

But those to whom such solicitude is suitable is intimated in what is subjoined; "For after all these things do the heathens seek." With the exception of the few Jews, who, having the law, worshipped the God of Heaven; the rest of the nations over the whole world, who served idols, were called Gentiles; of whom our Lord speaketh when he saith: "These things do the Gentiles seek," those, namely, who know not God, and who have no thought but of earthly things; who are especially touched with worldly cares; who have no hope of things to come; whose toil has no reference; whose sole delight is in the present moment. Such have been "compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them," (Ps. xlviii. 21.) But ye are otherwise instituted, and having been set for heavenly dignity, let your thoughts be of spiritual and everlasting things, and fear not that the use of temporal goods shall fail you while so doing; neither distrust the power of God, who knoweth better than we do what things we have need of, and who will provide for us much more salutarily than we can for ourselves. Hence it is added, "For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." Here some crafty dogmatic may object, that if God knoweth before we ask, what we have need of, there is no need for us to pray in our necessities; for we speak idly to one that knoweth: to such we may reply, that we do not *tell* our wants, we *ask* for their relief. "*Non sumus narratores, sed potius rogatores.*" It is one thing to tell one that knoweth not; another humbly to beg from

one that knoweth all. He would therefore be entreated by us, who knoweth already what we ought to seek, that our supplication may be followed by its reward. And what we ought to seek, with all the desire of our mind, and with the utmost zeal, we are taught in the succeeding sentence: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice." Here *first* is not used numerically (*pro numero*;) but rather to show the excellence of the thing sought (*per qualitatem*;) *first*, namely, before and above all, seek ye the kingdom of God. Now the kingdom of God in the Holy Scriptures, is taken in four different acceptations. Sometimes it means the present Church, as in that passage, "Every scribe instructed in the *kingdom of heaven*," that is, in the present Church, "is like to a man who is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure, new things and old," (St. Matth. xiii. 52.) Sometimes the Holy Scripture, as in this: "The *kingdom of God* shall be taken from you," (St. Matth. xxi. 43;) that is, the understanding of the Holy Scriptures. Again; the heavenly country, as St. John the Baptist says: "Do penance, for the *kingdom of heaven* is at hand," (St. Matth. iii. 2;) and sometimes it signifies our Lord Jesus Christ; as he himself says to the Jews, "The *kingdom of God* is within you," (St. Luke, xvii. 21,) that is, Christ, by his humanity, dwelleth among men; and so in the present lesson he saith: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice," or, the kingdom of his heavenly city, where true joys are; where sovereign peace, and true tranquillity dwell; where the fruit of their trials, and the reward of their toils, is due to the saints.

Let us then seek after this kingdom of God, at the cost of our life; let us sigh after it continually; and for its attainment let us most wil-

lingly prefer all things, how harsh or rough soever. And let us seek also his justice; for the justice of the kingdom of God is the fulfilling the commandments of God. The justice of the kingdom of God, is to despise all frail and passing things, and to hold the loss of all present things, as the gain of those to come. Truly he seeketh the justice of God, who, in the exercise of good works, is obedient to his words and precepts in all things. Thus, then, to us who seek after the kingdom of God, and his justice, the highest and true good things shall be given; but yet, also those which are but small shall be added, for the good things of the present life may seem so, yet they are but middling, and if compared with the true good, scarcely deserve the name; yet shall they be given to the holy, who are still in the sweat of this present pilgrimage:—that refreshed by these, as by a meal by the wayside (*viaticum*), that they may attain unto those good things which they shall receive hereafter in their heavenly country. Their use is for a time; but in vow (that is, in spirit) it is

for eternity; and not that the mind should be occupied thereby, and overload digestion, nor that they should weigh down the soul with a burden that keeps it back from its heavenly country. So, then, we ought to use the goods of this present life sparingly and well, so that thereby we may come to true enjoyment, after the course of this long exile, in everlasting ages.

Again; "All these things shall be added unto you," because so long as we abide in this present life, we cannot pass through it without food and raiment. When he says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice;" he immediately adds, "and all these" (*i. e.* temporal good) "things shall be added unto you." Where, note, that he first commands the greater things to be sought after, namely, "the kingdom of God and his justice," that the lesser may follow, namely, the good things of the present life; of which he does not say they shall be *given*, but, they shall *be added* unto you,—as necessities namely, which we are not to *enjoy*, but to *use*, so long as we have our feet on the way.

HUMILITY TRUE GREATNESS.

———Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once infallible and short,
Of real greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart His residence! pronounc'd
His second seat, and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!—YOUNG.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ,

OR HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MY FIRST DRIVE IN A JINGLE.

THE jingle, or jaunting car, (I believe they are synonymous,) is peculiar to Ireland. Hence it is sometimes called an Irish *vis-a-vis*. Is it because the backs of the riders are turned against one another? But no matter; indeed, it is a sociable enough sort of thing, after all; adapted, however, only to fine roads and good weather. On each side, there are two ranges—one to sit on, the other for the feet. The former are cushioned and the latter plain. Come, let me try it. We mount—Mr. O’Sullivan and myself—for the first time I find myself on this strange vehicle. The driver is a genuine and unsophisticated son of the “sod;” his horse, raw-boned, but strong; and he seizes the reins, and, touching his hat to “his Reverence,” he lays on the whip: and then away, along the banks of the river, into the depths of the country, up hill, down dale, during the whole afternoon: and a mellow and lovely afternoon it was. So genial and sweet a climate as now smiles on me as if to cheer me in this blessed isle, is a rare boon, I am assured by the inhabitants of Cork. Within the memory of the most aged, such a charming summer was never known to exist. Is it then, for me, O Genius of Erin! that they sun shines so brightly among these deep-green bowers? Is it to spread before my gaze a

scene undimmed by a single cloud—and a soil putting forth, as it were, spontaneously, the luxuries of the earth—in order that the terrible contrast might fix itself upon my heart, between the beneficence and abundance of Nature, and the pinching tyranny of those who blast them all by the desolation of misrule. These reflections crowded into my mind as we drove, on this fairy afternoon, through the suburbs of Cork, in an Irish jingle.

ENGAGEMENT TO MEET THE “LIBERATOR.”

The intelligence that the mighty champion of Irish liberty was to be in Cork, on his way to Derrynane Abbey, was communicated to me by that most amiable man—the mayor of the city. And now, methought, all my boy-dreams about O’Connell were to be realized. That patriot, who has spent his life in the cause of his country, whose prodigious efforts and tireless perseverance burst asunder the chains of penal bondage, gave to “gladness and to freedom” anew the songs of Erin, and threw open the long-closed gates of parliament to the Catholic peers and commoners; that orator, whose tremendous powers have, like the thunders of another world, shaken the centre of this—who has known no equal in rousing the slumbering character of a people, in breaking down, with the impetuosity of a torrent, the bar-

riers reared by bigotry and prejudice against their sacred convictions—that immortal orator, statesman, lawyer, diplomatist, patriot, Christian, Catholic—the glory of his own country, and the admiration of all civilized Europe as well as America; he, I say, who blended into one magnificent whole, all and each of these attributes, one of which would be sufficient to give never-dying fame to any other individual—was now to stand before my eyes—and to him I was soon to have the honor to be presented by his intimate friend and brother in office, the Mayor of Cork.

From my boyhood I have been an ardent admirer of O'Connell. His name, in my estimation, is worthy to rank with Burke, and Grattan, and Curran, and Sheridan, and Flood, and Plunket. Some peculiar notions regarding the institutions of our southern states, I, of course, am bound to reject. But, do they not spring from an extravagant love of liberty? I think they do. They are *false consequences* deduced from *correct first principles*: and were they merely abstract consequences, no one would deny him the right of entertaining them; when, however, they become practical, and involve the jeopardy of order and rule, then must they be regarded as pernicious, and condemned. But, whilst I repudiate the theory—I venerate the man.

The arrangement entered upon by Mr. Lyons (the mayor) was, that I should take an early breakfast with him at the Mansion, and then, through him, be introduced to Mr. O'Connell. At the hour specified I was on the spot; but what was my disappointment, when a servant handed the mayor a note, stating that the "Liberator," from inevitable circumstances, was compelled to change the hour of starting from nine o'clock, as was intended, to six; and that he had thus, suddenly,

taken his departure for his native mountains. I was, consequently, deprived of a pleasure and an honor to which I had looked forward with intense hope, and which alone would be a sufficient compensation for a voyage across the ocean.

THE BARRACKS.

On one of the loftiest heights of Cork, from which, in panoramic beauty, the entire city spreads before the eye, the barracks are situated. The buildings are immense, and form a square, in the midst of which there is a vast court, for the exercises of the military. It was a mild morning in September, when, with my friend M. P—I strayed up the winding road, which leads to this place. There was no difficulty in being admitted, and I surveyed the whole, not without considerable emotion and sympathy for this ill-fated land. Here a mercenary soldiery, methought, are stationed for the purpose of keeping under the spirit of this country. Everywhere the red coat is met; it would appear that military law is here enforced. English troops are set to watch the movements of Ireland, and, at a moment's warning, are ready to pounce, like so many harpies, on the life and spirits of those who would be free. As long as this is the case, I cannot see how any thing can be effected towards the liberty and independence of this noble land. Certainly, nothing can be obtained by violence. Yet, it must be hoped, that the same terrible moral force which brought about Catholic Emancipation will be able, in the course of time, with unanimity and perseverance, to sever the chain of UNION which binds her, as a captive at the car of her victor, to Great Britain. My voice has ever been for REPEAL: it proclaimed it in the state-house of Annapolis, when I exercised the office of chaplain of the senate. And I

long to behold the day when a separate parliament will again be seen making laws for Ireland, in the ancient halls of College Green.

BLACK POOL CONVENT.

A very comfortable building, standing in the midst of beautiful and spacious grounds. I visited this religious institution with the more satisfaction, as it afforded me the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of one of the inmates, whom I esteemed and valued, as she was no other than the sister of the late Bishop of Charleston. How the tear trickled down her cheeks when the spoke of her immortal brother! and yet what calm submission, and subdued resignation, to the will of HIM, who regulates all things *sweetly* but *strongly*! If the fervent prayer of a spirit bruised, indeed, with affliction, but patient under the scourge, ever reached the ear of DIVINE MERCY, her's has a thousand times a day ascended up to heaven. Oh! what a soothing doctrine is that of prayer for the dead! For sister to be able to follow brother into the world of souls, and there afford him spiritual aid, by the efficacy of humble

prayer! How the mystery of the future brightens before the torch of Faith—and what consolation can be derived by the living, even amid their mourning and desolation, when, at the foot of the altar of religion, or over the lonely tombstone in cemetery, they throw themselves upon their knees, and exclaim, “may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!”

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

'Tis evening. The calm spirit of the twilight hour is abroad—and as I stray alone along the water's side, I hear, slowly, solemnly, tolling on the air, the famous bells of Shandon. My ear drinks in the chime, as it mellows in the dusky distance, and I know not how it is that, as it falls on my soul, it awakens sweet and sacred reminiscences of the past—of friends far off—of Home. Fully do I enter into all the sentiment, and appreciate all the simple pathos of the lines of the author of the “Prout Papers,”—who, as he hearkened to the tolling of those bells, broke forth into the following strain, which, I am sure, the reader will thank me for repeating here:—

WITH deep affection, and recollection,
I often think on the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spell.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee—
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,

Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral's shrine ;
 While, at a glib rate,
 Brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke nought like thine :
 For memory dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old Adrian's mole in
 Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
 With cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious,
 From the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame :
 But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber
 Peals solemnly :
 Oh! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There is a bell in Moscow
 While in tower and kiosko
 In saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
 Which loud in air
 Calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets :
 Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them,
 But there is an anthem
 More dear to me :
 'Tis the bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

THE LATE DOCTOR POTTER.

THIS eminent physician, whose demise must be considered a national misfortune, requires no eulogy. His name in Baltimore, like that of *PHYSIC* in Philadelphia, will be cherished, of itself, as a glory and a monument. To him the former city is indebted for the foundation of the school of medicine which has sent out finished doctors to all parts of the Union; and he, too, was greatly instrumental in establishing the infirmary, which was placed, in its commencement, and has ever since continued, under the care of the Sisters of Charity. With these two excellent institutions his whole heart seemed to be identified: and the amiable ladies who have devoted themselves, from religious motives, to the nursing the sick in the infirmary, will ever remember the assiduous attentions, and paternal regard, with which he devoted himself to them in the difficult discharge of their duties.

As a parent, the doctor was fondly and peculiarly attached to his family. Married to a Catholic lady, (he himself seemed more inclined to the Catholic Church than to any other—for he often was seen attending mass in the cathedral) he educated his

children in the tenets of our holy religion, and appeared desirous that they should practise, with fidelity, the rules and regulations of the Church. The loss of their distinguished and attached father will be long and painfully felt by them, as well as by their excellent mother. May they be supported by the strength of His arm who "ruleth all things;" whose decree consigns to the grave, at the appointed time, all the children of men; but whose religion promises a brighter and a better life beyond the confines of the sepulchre.

With justice may it be said of Doctor Potter that he was a learned man, an eminent physician, a good citizen, an avowed friend of religion, and a venerable gentleman. From the ranks of the profession there has been taken out a long-tried and invaluable member, whose place will not easily be supplied. May he find rest and happiness in the world of spirits! We owe this tribute to the friend of Carroll and Maréchal.

"Quid faciat somnos, quid hiantia vulnera claudat,

Quæ ferro cohibenda lues, quæ cederet herbis Edocuit."—*Statius*.

THE CHURCH OF JAPAN.

From "Lives of Eminent Catholic Missionaries," by J. CARNE, (a Protestant author.)

IN the year 1614 the storm broke out all over Japan; the Jesuits were banished from Meaco to Nangasaqui; the churches, chapels, and houses were demolished, and a proclamation

was made that all who did not renounce the faith should be burned alive. In Meaco there was one street called the "Street of the Christians," because no heathen was

permitted to dwell among them, and here it was that the emperor made his first onset. It was now the dead of winter, the cold was great, and the snow fell in abundance; the families were turned out of their homes, and compelled to lie all night on the ground, no one giving them shelter; by day they were led through the streets in multitudes, to be reviled and insulted by the mob. Great numbers were banished to the north, to a country at the extremities of Japan, to till those uncultivated deserts. The noble and ancient church of Fucheo, (or Bungo, as it was generally called) founded by Xavier, distinguished itself in this persecution. Several Japanese preachers, who, after quitting the colleges were sent forth to officiate, shared in the disasters of their teachers. Sacay, Facata, and other places were visited in like manner. The day of clouds and thick darkness was come upon the church, to be rolled away no more; the cruelties reached even to Nangasaqui, the frontier port from the Indies; the churches were given to the flames. It was necessary to fly; three small and ill-equipped boats were engaged, into which a hundred Jesuits, numerous seminarists and catechists embarked, leaving twenty-seven fathers behind them in the country. They secured as much as was possible on so short a warning, of the holy vessels and church stuff, together with the relics of the saints. That done, mass was said publicly for the last time, and a sermon after it, the people all the while lamenting. So soon as service was ended, they took down the ornaments, and bared the church to the naked walls. The fathers were hardly out of sight when the idolaters fell upon the churches, burning them to the ground. 'Twas singular that the peace, which continued for fifteen years together in Japan, left the

country at the same time with these children of peace, for from that time it fell divided betwixt two factions, and was torn to pieces by intestine and civil wars; and this by the just judgment of God, for it was not reasonable that they who rebelled and fought against him should be at quietness with themselves. The persecution in Arima grew fiercer every day; two hundred families were assembled in a place where the Jesuits' College stood, and surrounded by a thousand troops, among whom were twenty executioners; at the entrance of the enclosure stood an officer, to question them about their religion; and such as remained steady and constant he thrust in among the executioners, who began to torment them in many ways, and make them feel the pangs of death without killing them quite. The torments were so exquisite that several lost courage, but the greater part were steadfast even to death: it would make the blood run cold to detail these devices of infernal cruelty. How dark the change that had fallen on the fields that were white unto the harvest! Where now was the orange-tree spreading its blossoms and fragrance on every side, to which the church a few years previous was compared—or the boast of Gregory, that Japan was soon to become a mighty field of the holy see, on which he was to place his foot in order to trample on Asia? Surely the vows of men are but as a breath, and their noblest purposes as a dream: how mournfully derisive now appear the flatteries and embraces lavished by the princes of Europe on the three Japanese ambassadors. It seemed as if the mighty church of Japan had been cherished and nursed only for the slaughter.

In the mean time, the twenty-seven Jesuits who were left behind in the country, were indefatigable in their work; it might be said that

they held every hour their lives in their hands ; they could only move out in the night, yet they contrived to help and comfort many Christians, to baptize many heathens. Their manner of life is thus described in their letters : " In my residence there is only a little room, and in it a window of half a foot high ; I have been shut up here sixty days, and not without manifest hazard of my life, by reason of the violent heats, having no other place to hide in." " I have been," says another, " thrice this year to Cocura, and every time on peril of my life. I travel by night with difficulty. In the day time I hear confessions, and lie in an obscure hut, with all the inconveniences of heat, cold, famine, and thirst. I never endured more in my whole life. Travelling often over craggy mountains, I tore my feet and face with continual falls, insomuch, that I was many times all over blood." " I am shut up," says a third, " in darkness and obscurity ; insomuch, that I am forced to borrow light through the chinks of the door, to say the office. Such a violent pain hath struck into my side, that I can neither stand or lie. They pin me up so straight, that I have hardly room to turn in."

As in the days of primitive Christianity, the love of martyrdom grew out of the ashes of the slain, insomuch that persons of all ranks and ages were seen not only to meet death without fear, but to embrace it as a dear friend. Several of the Jesuits, and some of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, suffered also. The prisons of Japan, into which great numbers were thrust, were far more loathsome and noisome than the dungeons of Europe ; and the worst of all were those of Meaco, so that many yielded up their lives there. The Christians who had been exiled to what may be called the Siberia of Japan, a long chain of

mountains, all covered with snow, were visited by one of the Jesuits ; moved with compassion, he took a journey in their solitudes, climbing up the hills and precipices : the solitary man saw nothing but hideous places on every side ; few habitations were visible at first, being concealed amid the rocks and snow ; great numbers of the exiles wrought in the mines ; here he confessed and communicated them, remaining there fifteen days. " We begin this period, 1622," says a writer, " with one of the most glorious sights that hath yet appeared in Japan : fifty-one, among whom were several of the Society, were burnt alive, and the celebrated Father Spinola at the head of the troop. He desired extremely to enter into the field of battle in his surplice, with an embroidered banner in his hand. The place of execution was on an eminence near the sea side, within sight of Nangasaqui : the whole bordering plain was clad with people ; they planted the stakes in a line, and set guards, both at the water side and at the foot of the hill, to hinder people from approaching ; and a kind of throne in the middle, covered with China tapestry, for the commander to sit on. The time of sacrifice now drawing near, Spinola, to excite his companion, began to sing the psalm, " *Laudate, Dominum, omnes gentes*:" immediately the rest answered, and made up altogether an harmonious concert, insomuch that Gonsalez, who was present at the action, said he had never heard any thing so charming in his whole life. Spinola then addressed the others in an animating and heartfelt speech. The fire being well kindled, a hideous shout was raised round the plain ; some wept, some lifted up their eyes to heaven, and others cried for mercy ; the martyrs only were silent : the first that carried the crown was Spinola. Questionless, (continues

the writer,) there was nothing but the glory of such sufferings that could make them tolerably easy. Eighteen fathers perished on this memorable day." Spinola was the son of Octavius, Count of Tarasole, of the ancient and remarkable family of Spinola, in the republic of Genoa. He entered into the Society of Jesus, at Nola, in the kingdom of Naples; his uncle, Cardinal Spinola, being then bishop of the place. Two things contributed to his vocation—an ardent desire of treading in the footsteps of Father Aquaviva, son to the Duke of Atria, who suffered martyrdom in the East Indies; and a certain prediction of a servant of God, who was used to say to him—"Charles, you'll turn Jesuit, and go to Japan, and there suffer for the faith of Jesus Christ." As soon as he had finished the course of his studies, "I employed my time," says he, in one of his letters, "since I came hither, in drawing up a list of those of our Society who had suffered for the holy faith; if I have not courage to entertain the same torments, it is a pleasure to entertain myself with the thoughts of them. Oh! when will the time come? Oh, happy hour! there is comfort in the thought of Jesus Christ—what must it be then to die in effect?" He preached for seven years in Japan, and was then constituted procurator-general. He lay for four years in a loathsome dungeon; at his first entrance into which, "behold the place of my repose," he said, and thus he finally wrote to one of his friends—"At last my hour is come—O Father! how sweet it is to suffer; I know it better by experience than it can be expressed by words. Oh, what a blessing will it be if next Easter I may be thought worthy to sing hallelujah with the saints in heaven! The joy of my soul increases, to be environed with flames for the love of Jesus Christ. I am

unworthy, I know, of such a favor; but God's mercies are infinite, and possibly he may have pity on me. Among my other distempers in prison, I had a fever that continued for a hundred days, and had no manner of relief all that while; at the same time my heart was so transported with joy that I could not but think myself at the entrance of paradise—I do not remember to have felt the like through the whole course of my life." Signed: "Charles, condemned to die for his Redeemer!" How beautiful is such an episode! a man of illustrious birth, of powerful connections, who could have raised him high in the church, blesses his God for his dungeon-home, where every horror and woe gathered round him day and night, and a dreadful death was near. Surely, if there be any situation at which the heart bleeds and trembles, it was this: no books to soothe his solitude, no sight or voice of a friend, bread and water his only food, disease his only companion: he writes to Italy, to the happy and the prosperous, as if Italy had no charm, no association, no love, no remembrance, and that his dungeon, and the stake that waited at the door, were his only beloved home and ambition. If the minds of these men had much of error, surely God vouchsafed to them in their extremity much of his support, his presence, his certain and glorious hope!

In the year 1623 many hundreds were martyred in various parts of the empire; on one of these occasions a number were placed in the dead of winter in pools several feet deep. As night came on, the water froze, and, drifts of snow beating upon them at the same time, the torment grew insupportable; on the second night they all perished. "There only now remained Father Carivall, who stood alone on the field of battle, all being retired upon the dark-

ening; he yielded up his soul to God about midnight, after fifteen hours' anguish in the frozen water. The heathens were in admiration to see a man of so delicate a complexion suffer with such cheerfulness and constancy; he was heir to the virtues of St. Francis Xavier, by whose great example he governed his life." Notwithstanding the heat of the persecution, the Jesuits travelled all over Japan: eight of them lived in the province of Cami, where they baptized this year above a thousand persons. Such cruel proclamations continued to be published against them, that none durst harbor them in a house, which forced them often to lie in the open fields. The emperor was now resolved on the extirpation of Christianity out of his states; he forbid all commerce with foreigners, and published an edict expelling them from Japan. Not content with tormenting the living, he declared war against the dead also. There was a churchyard at Nangasaqui, where they used to inter the Christians, and in it were several stately monuments of stone, brick, and wood, with the standard of the cross in the middle. He commanded his troops to pull down the crosses, raze the monuments, and dig out the remains. The Christians were now arrested on the least suspicion, and put to death, without regard to age, condition, or sex; moreover, such severities were exercised on those who harbored them, that parents even turned their children out of doors, and children their parents.

In the awful conflict that thickened around them, the Jesuits behaved themselves well: adversity was the season of their true glory; when, in the ruin of all false confidences, they put their strength in God alone. They had no other friend. The beautiful train into which their affairs were brought, the seminaries

for the children, the colleges in which the Japanese youth were educated in science, eloquence, and languages, their empire over the soul—were no more. Even their cemeteries, where the noble cedar of Japan and its delicate palm were blended with the cypress, were taken from them: if it be beautiful to walk and meditate beneath the shadow of such a place, it is surely sweet to rest at last beneath it: even this boon was denied; driven to deserts, prisons, and isles, they sometimes perished without the rites of sepulture: and sometimes they could not say to the grave "thou art my mother," and to the worm "thou art my brother and my sister;"—their remains were scattered, to be the prey of the vulture and the beasts of the forest.

Julia, banished from the emperor's palace in Meaco, was now the tenant of the lonely isle of Cozuxima, rejecting all temptations and offers to desert her faith. The Lives of the Saints, which were probably read till they were graven on the memory, was her only volume: the fishermen who dwelt in the few huts on the beach, subsisted on the produce of the sea: with one of their families, Julia abode; as rude in their minds and manners as they were isolated in their situation, they were civil and even kind to the exile: for it was not in human nature to be harsh to one so gentle and unfortunate, and yet so pitiful to others. Her attempts to do good to these wild people were long like seed cast on the rocks: she could not pray or meditate in the wretched cottage, and amidst the noisy family, wild as their winds, but would wander often to the lonely places of the island, among the rocks, and there give vent to her feelings, and pour out her heart in prayer: where there was no sound but the sullen roar of the sea, that seemed to beat

almost incessantly on the shelterless isle. Letters came at long intervals from one of her friends, or of the fathers, which told of miseries greater than her own. Death was very busy in Meaco and the other cities; many whom she had known had died dreadfully, and the doom hung over others every day and hour: the girl felt that life, amidst all privations, is still sweet. Yet her privations were manifold: she at first considered the loss of the sacraments as the heaviest; but after a time the feelings of our nature, and of early associations and tastes, grew yet stronger. The best years of her life were passing; her youth was consuming in solitude, without one companion, or a single excitement save religion—and neither the heart or mind can be always occupied with religion. There was no kindred spirit in the rude, poor, and often gloomy people, to whom she read at times from her little book, and then tried to explain what she had read. Even her passionate love of flowers, which all the Japanese ladies feel, would have beguiled many a day and hour; but the inhospitable isle produced no flowers, trees, or even shrubs. The memory could not help returning sometimes to former scenes of splendor and enjoyment in the palace, to the festivals, the gay and brilliant societies, the favor of the emperor—all which she had forfeited by her fidelity to religion. The only article she was permitted to carry to her solitude, was a little picture of the taking the “Communion,” on which she often gazed as on that of a dear friend. Her guitar, which is invariably a part of female education in Japan, was also withheld. How many an hour and day and month must have rolled heavily by, when Julia might have said, “of friend and lover there is none to comfort me: yet thou hast not removed my soul from peace;”

the day brought no cheerful change, the night no balm: the sun fell powerfully a great part of the year on the rocks and sands of the isle, and in winter the tempests dwelt there. How different from the miserable Cozuxima was the great and exciting city of Meaco, her native place, with its half a million inhabitants, the river flowing through its streets; its enchanting environs; and the beautiful vales and groves of the neighboring mountain Fronexima, rising out of the lake, where the bonzas dwelt in glory till destroyed by Nobunanga. There was little hope of her return, until the persecution should abate; and, even then, unless another and milder sovereign should succeed, Meaco and its imperial palace were closed to all Christians, and the isle must still be her home.

The Jesuit was now hunted like a wild beast, his steps were tracked by spies; if he sought shelter for a few hours, the door was often closed against him, and he was repelled with menaces and abuse. He no longer saw his proud and beautiful churches and chapels on the mountain, in the forest, and by the river side,—no splendid processions of kings, courtiers, and nobles, as in the days of Christian chivalry, were seen marching with bare heads and crucifix in hand, and singing in solemn harmony. What multitudes used to crowd the performance of high mass, while the passage of the fathers from place to place was like that of the patriarchs of old—the great men of the earth bowed down to them, and hearkened diligently to their words. The ancient Israelite, traversing the fields of his lost Palestine, his staff in his hand, the tear on his cheek, and the rod of the oppressor deep in his soul, did not feel keener anguish than the Jesuit at the overthrow of all his hope and ambition.

* * * * *

Julian Nicaura, of the blood royal, one of the ambassadors who went to Italy, and was received there with so much honor and pomp, now sealed his long-tried faith. This man might have written one of the most edifying memoirs in the world, on the vanity of all earthly things; at twenty years of age he had witnessed in Rome the glory of the pontiff and all the conclave: what brilliant visions swam before his eye! He returned, and saw the Church lifted up to heaven: the cross was worn by the soldier in battle, by the courtier in hall or feast, and glittered in precious stones and gold, in every part of the palace. But when he followed his patron kings to the grave, the peace of religion died and was buried with them. His dearest friends had gone before him, through the fiery trial: his home was desolate: every love was broken, or changed into hatred; for the princes of Omura and Arima, his near relatives, were his bitter persecutors. Then he fled, and during twenty years was a fugitive in the wildest parts of the country, passing through various and strange adventures. His hair was now white with misery: during months together he had lived in caves and deserts; then Julian again braved his pursuers, to seek out and comfort the scattered remnant of the faithful; and when he came to a solitary home, where some Christians, desolate as himself, had taken refuge, how sweet was the communion they held together; how inexpressible the feelings with which they passed the night, conversing on their trials and mercies, and singing the praises of God! He might have resumed his rank and wealth, by renouncing his faith; but he never entertained such a thought. Poverty, so peculiarly abhorred in Japan, fell the more keenly on the exiled nobleman, who was often in famine and nakedness, not knowing where to lay his head.

Often he concealed himself in the depths of the forests, and made his bed at night at the foot of the trees, even in the most inclement seasons, when the winds, tremendous in those parts, beat upon his frame, and howled round his wretched pillow. Obligated to seek yet remoter retreats, he took refuge in a region of almost inaccessible mountains, where he was astonished to find many fugitives for the same cause: so eager and general was the persecution, that the Christians, in their despair, fled to the most savage and unfrequented districts; when he believed the beasts of prey were his only companions, he sometimes saw the smoke rising from the crevices of the rock or the glen. Thus he wandered till old age came upon him; at seventy his strength was wasted, and his heart broken; he had lived in hope that the miseries of the church would cease, that God would spare her in her inexpressible affliction. When passing the lonely time in some desert cave, without seeing a human being, Julian had spent great part of the day and night in prayer; it was his only comfort, his only strength: he prayed not for his own restoration, but that he might see Christianity once more lift her head, her ministers in safety, her churches in peace. At last he saw that his hope was vain, and then he desired to render up his testimony, that he might enter into his reward. Was it not better than thus to struggle? there every tear would be wiped away. Alas! what were his tears, compared to those shed every day, every hour, by innumerable victims? This it was that made him wish to depart. He was surprised by some soldiers who had long been in pursuit of him, and conducted in chains: all arts were tried to make him recant, "the governors put him in mind of the glory and quality of his ancestors, conjuring him to do

nothing unbecoming himself: he told them he was more happy in descending alive into the grave, than in dying on the throne of his ancestors: he published everywhere as he passed, that he was Julian, and that he was going to the crown which God had prepared for him." He arrived in the city of Omura: they led him through the streets where he had once walked in his pride, surrounded by the rich, the high, and the happy. Oh! when his home met his eye, where his mother blessed him when he parted for Rome, and wept over him on his return—where the banquet was given on that very evening, and all listened to his words, as to the words of an angel. The home was still there, and many, in the multitude that gathered round, recognized, in the chained and squalid man, his white hair and beard dishevelled—the once admired and gallant Julian. It was evident that he courted his fate: those who pitied him did not know how careless of life long sorrow and suffering make us, especially when we sorrow alone. Once only the confessor seemed to wish for a milder doom. As he passed near the cemetery of Omura, where, amid the cypress, were the splendid tombs of his relatives, the kings and nobles of his line: they slept in honour: and each mourner who came to weep beside the grave of those he loved, was reminded of the virtue and example of these illustrious men. Julian had often, in childhood, heard his parents tell of their deeds. But he should never rest beside them, his ashes never mingle with theirs: no tablet would record his memory: his limbs would be scattered to the fowls of the air, or the beasts of prey. The simple and heart-felt words of Barzillai, "I will be buried beside the grave of my father and mother,"—never, never could be his! The remains of most of the martyrs of Japan were thus treated,

or else broken, and cast into the sea; and many a firm and prepared mind must have shrunk back at such a thought, often more revolting to self-love than even death. When Julian drew near to Nangasaqui, where he was to suffer, and saw the plain covered with an applauding and sympathizing people, his spirit resumed its fire, and his faded eye flashed with a princely triumph: he exhorted them to be steadfast to the end, and to die as they should see him die. During four days he endured great agony, ere he expired.

In this year, 1625, the father-provincial of Japan, Francis Pacieco, Balthazar Torres, Gaspar, and six more of the most eminent Jesuits, were burned on the hill near to Nangasaqui; they bound them close to the stakes, and piled the wood thick about them. They sung the praises of God; the smoke for some time took them out of sight, but as the fire cleared, they were seen standing upright in the flames, with their eyes fixed on heaven. Balthazar Torres was a person of quality, a very gifted and accomplished man; "he was endued with a quick wit and eminent learning; having ended his studies, he believed himself inspired to preach the gospel in the world; he taught divinity at Goa and Macao eight years. He was forced at one time to take refuge in a desert, where he lived six months without any companion (as he says in one of his letters,) besides serpents and venomous beasts. He was well shaped, of a tall stature, and proof against all hardships; he had light hair, a vermilion complexion, a majestic port, and so agreeable in his conversation that everybody loved him. But the beauty of his soul shone still with a much brighter lustre, in humility, charity, patience, and an ardent zeal for God's greater glory. He lived twenty-six years in Japan." There now only remained eighteen Jesuits

in Japan, and yet they were indefatigable; their manner of living is described in a letter of Matthew Cauro, successor to Pacieco. "About this time, troops of soldiers were sent round the country, to search after religious and priests; they visited grots, caves, stables, and granaries, even to the very straw. Those that went to confiscate Balthazar Torres' little moveables, finding some pieces of money in the house, were so transported at the hope of finding a treasure, that they did not leave a hole or corner unsearched. Upon this the Christians where I lived came with positive orders for me to be gone, for it was impossible, they said, to secure me any longer; I promised to embark the next night, but my patron in the mean time had prepared me a hiding-place unknown to the family. I stole into it at night with my catechist and one servant, but God knows it was scarce four feet broad, and not passing twelve in length. We lived there night and day without any light, excepting at meal time, or when we recited the divine office, or wrote letters. They gave us our diet through a hole in the thatch, and then closed it again. I lived thirty-five days in this darkness, and never stirred out, excepting on Easter days to say mass. After that time, my patron made me another little hole about the same size, where I continue to this present day. I keep the church stuff by me to say mass, and steal out by a back door to a neighboring hut, where they cover an altar every night till mass be ended, and then uncover it again. I carry the church stuff into the hiding-place with me, where I live, reading and writing all day by a light borrowed from a narrow crevice through the boards. The spies believing me to live not far off, use their uttermost to surprise me. The governor is so earnest to find me out, that he hath forbid the

people to make enclosures about their houses for two leagues round, and this to see who goes in or out of doors. Since Gaspar de Castro's death, I live all alone in these parts, studying to animate the Christians by frequent letters."

There was also great severity at the city of Jeddo, twelve days' journey from Meaco, and a favorite residence of the emperor. It is a place of many palaces and delights, with towers nine stories high, the summits of which are all gilded, and have a glorious appearance in the sun: there are also delicious gardens and terraces for the pleasure of the prince: the street that fronts the palace is sixty feet broad, bordered on each side with pine trees. About a day's journey from the city is a burning mountain, famed for its beauty, height, and whirling flames; it may be seen three days' journey distant; its upper region is covered with snow, the next with forests, and the lower part affords a rich soil; its eruption may be seen from Jeddo and all the surrounding country, the flames lighting up strangely the region of snow. There are temples on the declivities, held in great veneration: in the month of August, the snow being then melted, and the passage clear to the summit, it is visited from all parts. The night is generally chosen for this ascent, when the passengers and guides carry torches in their hands; and the scene is very wild, when the multitude wind up the perilous declivities in the gloom, with the glare of their torches cast over the rocks and ravines; "they choose this season, for the sight of those deep precipices in the day would be enough to turn their heads, and make them fall down."

The medical skill of some of the Jesuits more than once saved their life; the officers and governors suffered them to escape, in recompense

for their remedies, which appeared to them the more valuable, by reason of the ignorance of their own doctors in many diseases. There being no apothecaries in the country, the doctor's servant accompanies him from place to place with a box of twelve drawers, with forty-four little bags full of different herbs and drugs in each drawer, which he mixes and boils in the patient's room. In fevers they are accustomed to run up fine small bodkins in sev-

eral parts of the flesh, and, in more malignant distempers, they burn the skin in many parts, by applying little heated balls. Many an amusing rencontre probably took place between the Jesuits and these wandering practitioners, who regarded the former as vile intruders into their folds, and denounced them on all occasions. The persecution was no doubt considered a great blessing by the Japanese medical men.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

'Tis beautiful, while yet the dew
Of innocence lies on the flower
Of youth, and hope sings in the heart,
Like gladsome bird in leafy bower,

And plenty flings her treasures o'er
The path by sinless pleasures trod,—
To see some gifted child of earth
Leave home, and friends, and all, for God!

And such was she of whom I sing,
A creature of that nature rare,
Whose sunny smile and kindly glance
Would smooth the brow of wrinkled care;

Whose voice was so attuned to joy,
That where its lightest cadence fell

A sweet response awoke, even there
Where moody grief was wont to dwell.

And now, that she has thrown aside
The gauds which earth's gay children prize,
And donned the corse and sombre weeds
That scarce her loveliness disguise ;

Think ye her spirit has put on
The garb of sadness ? Well I wot
The helpless young, the poor, and old,
And sorrowing, feel that it has not.

For to the bruised heart, and to
The darkened mind, her presence brings
A balm and hope, and even where
Her shadow falls a blessing springs.

And there's a sweetness in her smile,
Her gentle voice and tranquil eye,
Which speaks of happiness within,
And love that's born of purity.

And may the bright, unflickering flame
Of charity, that fills her breast,
Shine on the tangled path of life
To guide the wanderer home to rest.

PANEGYRIC OF THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. DUBOIS,

PREACHED IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK, N. Y.,

Thursday, the 19th of January, 1843. By the Rev. WILLIAM QUARTER, Pastor of St. Mary's, N. Y.

"And many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake: some unto life everlasting; and others unto reproach, to see it always:

"But they that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity."—DANIEL xii. 2. 3.

THE following discourse, delivered on the occasion of the monthly commemoration of the late BISHOP DUBOIS, will be perused with avidity and edification by all our numerous readers. The production reflects no ordinary merit upon the abilities, readiness, and feeling of the orator, the Rev. WILLIAM QUARTER, Pastor of St. Mary's Church; who, we are informed, had the short space of less than a week, in which to prepare it. But, prompted by the spirit of affection and veneration for the lamented prelate which ever animated him, and excited by the reminiscences of that "old mountain," where he received his ecclesiastical education, he willingly acceded to the request of the present bishop, that he should speak on this mournful occasion. With what success he has acquitted himself, this able and instructive discourse will amply testify: and we feel unusual satisfaction in having it in our power to give the first edition of it in the *Catholic Expositor*:—

IT is now four weeks since the mortal remains of our lamented bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Dubois, were consigned to the grave. We are assembled to-day to unite our prayers with *him* who officiates at the altar, for the eternal happiness of his soul, which, although created in time, will live for ever. We pray, that if any stains of sin may yet remain, to debar his immortal spirit from the realms of bliss, these stains, through the merits of Christ's precious blood, may be washed away, and he may be admitted into the eternal tabernacles. Often did he pray, and offer up the adorable sacrifice of the altar for the temporal and eternal happiness of many who are assembled here to-day. Oh! then, shall we be unmindful of him, now that he can pray no longer for himself? for now we may fancy we hear him cry out to us, and entreat of us, to pray—"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least, you my friends," Job ix. 24.

On an occasion like this, nature prompts us to speak of the leading virtues we discovered in the character of the deceased, while he yet lived with us; and religion, far from forbidding it, sanctions it. The hidden faults, known only to God, we pray may be forgiven by him who

is infinitely merciful ; the virtuous deeds, that have won our admiration, we recount for mutual edification. It is not, indeed, the province of the Christian minister to bestow fulsome eulogy ; but while he avoids the unprofitable labor of weaving useless garlands to hang on the tomb of a distinguished minister of Christ—nay, of an apostle, whose life, at least, to human eye, was comparatively blameless—it is meet that he endeavor to make the virtuous dead live still, in their bright example, as worthy models for others' imitation.

The task, my Christian brethren, before me to-day, is indeed an arduous one,—I feel conscious of my inability to perform it as the occasion demands. I undertake it because my respected and much venerated superior desires it ; and I trust your kind indulgence will pardon, while I have no doubt, your intelligence will supply, all deficiency on my part.

But, of whom am I to speak ? Whose eulogy have I this day to pronounce ? Is it the eulogy of some military chieftain, who has filled the world with the fame of his exploits, and the glory of his arms ? Is it the eulogy of a philosopher, who has attracted the attention of mankind by the novelty as well as the usefulness of his discoveries, and who has won their admiration ? No ! It is the panegyric of *one of that sacred order* that the world, in her folly, is apt to despise or overlook, and suffer to pass unhonored to the tomb. One, who although he labored not *immediately* for the world, yet *mediately* benefited it. One, whose life was an example of the truth of that beautiful text of the apostle, "That which appeareth foolish of God is wiser than men," for "the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world, hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong." It is of an humble minister

of Jesus Christ that I am about to speak ; it is of Bishop Dubois, with whom most of you were acquainted, and the virtues of whose life, I purpose holding up for your imitation.

Mr. Dubois was born in Paris, on the 24th day of August, 1764, of pious and respectable parents. He was an only son—he had one sister ; his father died while he was yet young ; his mother lived to the advanced age of 86. He was sent at an early age to the college of "Louis Le Grand," an institution famed for its distinguished pupils, both while it was under the able management of the Jesuits, and since. The Abbe Proyard, the author of an excellent work, under the title of Decalogue, was then the principal of the institution. Abbe De Lisle, the poet, was one of the professors. The other professors of the institution were distinguished among the literary characters of that epoch. Many of those whom the political troubles of France arrayed soon after on different sides, were his college companions. The notorious Robiespierre and Camille des Moulins, were his classmates. The Abbe Duval le Grix and De Macarthy, were also his classmates, and shared his first youthful triumphs in that celebrated college, and remained his attached friends even after his emigration to this country.

When Mr. Dubois formed the resolution of studying for the holy ministry, he repaired to the seminary of "St. Magloire," and was there, as at *Louis Le Grand*, among the best students of the institution, and the esteem in which he was held by the excellent Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur de Juigne, while yet a seminarian, seemed to promise him much future satisfaction in serving the Church, under the auspices and fatherly protection of so kind a superior. In a short time, however, this good bishop, to avoid the stroke

of the guillotine, with which he was threatened, fled to Germany, where he remained many years—the notorious *Gobet* performing the functions of revolutionary archbishop in his place. This unfortunate man held his elevation but short; and soon did he exchange the *mitre* for the red *cap*, and this again for the *guillotine*; for revolution, like old Saturn, devours even its own children.

Mr. Dubois having completed his theological course, was ordained priest by dispensation, not having as yet reached the canonical age, on the 22d of September, 1787. He exercised the functions of the holy ministry, first, at the parish of St. Sulpice, in Paris, and was afterwards appointed one of the chaplains to the large establishment of the Sisters of Charity, “Rue de Seve,” destined principally for the relief of orphans and the insane, called the “*Petite Maison*.” There he became well acquainted with the spirit of the admirable rules of “St. Vincent de Paul.”

The political horizon now lowered more and more every day, and persecution of religion, and the clergy, raged to a violent extent. Spoliations were extensively carried on; oaths were tendered to the clergy, at first of a doubtful tendency, but afterwards in a form that made them evidently unlawful. The conscientious scruples of the clergy were put to the severest test. It was at this trying crisis, that Mr. Dubois resolved to leave France, and emigrate to America. Through the kind services of the families of De Noilles and Duras, of France, with whom he was on terms of friendship, he obtained letters of introduction from M. de Lafayette to some distinguished personages in this country. These letters, obtained so soon after the peace of 1783, were the best passports to the favor and friendship of Mr. Monroe, who was afterwards

President of the United States; and of Mr. Randolph, so distinguished in his country's councils; to whom they were addressed. Fortified with these letters of introduction, and others equally valuable, Mr. Dubois left Paris, in the month of May, 1791. Owing to the danger of appearing in the priestly costume, he took the dress of an ordinary citizen; and, accompanied by a trusty servant, travelled in disguise to Havre de Grace, where he took shipping for this country.

Here let us pause a moment, and take a retrospective glance of that country which our young priest is now about to forsake. What! is this Catholic France? Is this that country where religion, a little while ago, sat enthroned in all the splendor of her majesty, and where her children listened with docility to her counsels, and obeyed her as a parent? Alas! how changed—how altered! How doth this country “sit solitary that was full of people!” How is she, who was next to Rome herself, in religious fidelity, become as a widow! “The princess of provinces, how is she made tributary!” It was but yesterday, and we beheld her, with more than maternal tenderness, training up her youth in the ways of virtue. Her academic halls echoed with the praises of Christianity, and her professors proclaimed its triumphs, and pronounced its eulogy. Her churches were adorned with the finest specimens of sculpture and of art. Her altars were wreathed with the freshest flowers, in honor of the King of Heaven. Her music entranced the ear, and lifted the soul into communion with its God. Her sanctuaries were thronged with the youthful Levites, or with a holy priesthood, whose very appearance preached to man “that all is vanity and affliction of spirit, except to know God and love him above all things.” Piety reigned in every

heart, and devotion inflamed every soul. No cloud seemed near at hand to darken the brightness of those happy days. But while the mind yet reposed in perfect security, and while hymns of praise and hallelujahs were being sung in honor of the Most High, they are hushed into silence by some nameless terrors that portend a storm. All is still for a while—every ear is attentive and on the alert—there is a noise—a rush—a roar as if the meeting of many in deadly strife—the *revolution is broken out!* France is wrapped in one desolating blaze! They who preached up fidelity to laws, and purity of life, are the first among the victims, for their lives are *too holy*, and their doctrines *too pure*, to be tolerated in the face of infidelity.—The sanctuaries of religion are profaned—the churches and altars deserted—the bones of the saints are scattered to the winds—the martyrs' relics are trodden under foot—the statue of *Reason* is elevated where the tabernacle that contained the hidden manna, the Holy of Holies, once stood—the Sabbath is forbidden to be observed—Christ and his holy religion are mocked and ridiculed, and France is declared free from all religious restraint. Every trade and profession has its peculiar holyday—every season its festival. The flood-tide of Deism is rolling its troubled waters through every town and hamlet of this once Christian country. The ministers of religion are in disguise, wandering to and fro, to escape the rage of the infuriated mob—crying out, in the language of Elias, "O Lord, the people have forsaken thy covenant; they have broken down thy altars; they have slain thy prophets with the sword: and we alone are left, and they seek our life to take it away," 1 Kings xix. 14,—still are they vigilant to administer the rites of religion to those who are desirous of receiving

them; and often, too often, are they discovered, while engaged on their errands of charity, and of mercy, to the sick or the dying, and their own lives are the forfeit. They meet death bravely and heroically, like soldiers of Christ; and as they advance to the guillotine, after the *mock trial*, the air wafts on its wings, from mansion to mansion, and from street to street, the sweet accents of the plaintive "miserere."

France now indeed mourned, "because there were none that came to the solemn feast; all her gates were broken down; her priests sighed; her virgins were in affliction; and she herself was oppressed with bitterness," Jer. i. 4.

It was not obligatory that all clergymen should brave this trying ordeal. Our divine Redeemer, at times, fled to the mountains to avoid those who would put him to death, for the time designed by his Heavenly Father had not yet arrived. But say, what must have been the feelings of our deceased friend, when the ship on which he had taken refuge from this desolating tornado, was unmooring—spreading her sails, and almost ready to waft him to a distant and strange land, and perhaps for ever? He must still have felt the warm blood of his own country course through his veins. He loved France, and it must have pained him, in the bright and sunny days of his youth, to be obliged to abandon that field of his pious labors, where he promised himself so much of happiness, so much of consolation. He must give, at least, one fond look towards the abode where yet lives a cherished, a beloved mother. He must cast an eye towards his "*Alma Mater*,"—may be it is in ruins. He looks wistfully on his country. He remembers her glorious days of Christianity. He brings back to his recollection her deeds of valor in defence of that faith she is now labor-

ing to banish from the land. He remembers her *Charlemagne*. He remembers her *St. Louis*. He thinks of the eloquent defenders of the faith, that she reared and fostered in her bosom, and gloried to honor. He remembers her *Bossuetts*—her *Massillons*—her *Bordalais*—her *Fenelons*. His heart sinks as he reflects on her present forlorn condition, and he thus, in the words of the psalmist, apostrophizes his beloved country,—“O God, the heathens are come into thine inheritance; they have defiled thy holy temple; they have given the dead bodies of thy servants to be meat for the fowls of the air; the flesh of thy saints for the beasts of the earth. They have poured out their blood as water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them. We are become a reproach to our neighbors; a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, O Lord, wilt thou be angry for ever; shall thy zeal be kindled like a fire,” Ps. lxxxviii. 1—5.

Is religion then to perish? Is Catholic France to live no more? Is irreligion to grow up on its ruins, and to triumph for ever? No! Through the waters of tribulation, shall, indeed, the religion of Christ pass; and, like the buoyant *life-boat*, it shall mount triumphantly the raging billows, and it shall float unharmed and securely on the crest of the wave. It shall live while the storm is in its fury, and it will be uninjured when it has subsided. These thoughts his religion suggested, and in these was he comforted.

He now looks forward to that distant country, America, whither he purposed journeying, and that was, if Providence favored the voyage, soon to become his new home. What are the prospects before him? They are gloomy in the extreme. He is a stranger to the country—to its institutions, and to its language. He

will indeed preserve life, but how long before he can exercise the functions of his holy ministry? How long before he can reprove the sinner, and condole with and comfort the poor and afflicted Christian? Again, whither is he bound? Is it to a country where Catholicity can pride herself in her distinguished hierarchy—in her splendid monuments of Catholic zeal—in her noble temples—in her renowned orators? Where are her churches? Where, her bishops? Where are her pious and exemplary armies of ministers? They are nowhere to be found. The new country is even yet fatigued after the struggle of many battles for freedom. The din of the martial arms has only ceased. The smoke of the cannon is as yet scarcely cleared away from her battle-fields. True, in bravery she is unequalled, and in martial achievements she has proved that the foeman was no match for her—but where are her religious institutions? While hope and fear may be supposed to have alternately haunted his mind, in its present feverish struggle, his piety induced him to repose with unwavering confidence on *Him*, who is the author of our being, and who is the Guide and Director of all our actions, if we be only faithful to his commandments—and, as if reproaching himself for doubting, even a moment, that God would make the rough ways smooth before him, he cries out in the fervor of his soul, “I will indeed trust in God: for if I take my wings early in the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me,” Ps. cxxxviii. 9, 10. Shall I accompany our deceased prelate over the ocean wave? Shall I picture him to your view—now at his morning meditations and prayers—now reciting the *divine office*—now reflecting on the past—now conjecturing for the fu-

ture? His devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary was always great, and with what ecstasy of feeling may he be supposed to have breathed forth that beautiful canticle composed in honor of *Mary, the Mother of God*, when he beheld the blazing stars in the firmament at night, and saw the blue waste of waters around the ship that was cleaving the waves and pressing forward on her pathless way!—

“Bright Mother of our Maker, hail!
Thou Virgin ever blest:
The ocean’s star by which we sail,
And gain the port of rest.”

Ave Maris Stella.

He reached the Chesapeake Bay in the month of July, shortly after the arrival of Messrs. Tessier and Nagot in Baltimore, in the year 1791. Having touched these shores, he wrote immediately to Bishop Carroll, and requested of him permission to celebrate the divine mysteries; which permission was unhesitatingly granted. He then sojourned for some time at Norfolk in Virginia, and afterwards at Richmond. The letters of introduction that he carried with him from General de Lafayette, obtained for him a cordial welcome and a generous and hospitable reception in the most respectable families of that state. They treated him, not as a stranger, but as a familiar acquaintance—as a friend. He was the countryman of *him*, who had embarked his fortune and his life, in the cause of liberty and of freedom—and he was made welcome to their free and happy homes. He soon discovered that he had arrived among a generous and intelligent—a noble-minded and a chivalrous people; that their country was not only very extensive, but that Nature was bountiful to it in her gifts. A worldling, under similar circumstances, would have found much to gratify vanity and to flatter pride;

he would have beheld influence, distinction, renown, awaiting him, and fortune probably opening before him her golden treasures; but *he* sought no influence, save what might tend to render his ministry more profitable at a future day. He sought no distinction, save that of walking faithfully in the footsteps of a meek and humble Saviour. He sought no renown, save that which might bring greater honor and glory to his heavenly Lord and King. He came not as an adventurer, to employ every effort of ingenuity and of art to obtain worldly possessions; but rather despising these, to employ all the powers and lofty energies of his mind, and the strength of his body, to heap up treasures for heaven and to bring souls to God:—

“Not with the hunter’s bow and spear he came,
O’er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars like the corn-stalks low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls as with the morning’s wings.”

He looked around and he beheld with sorrow that religion had here but few—very few, altars; and fewer still to minister at them. He resolves to apply himself assiduously to the study of the English language, and to prepare himself as quickly as possible to give *his* aid, at least, to a cause he had always so much at heart. *Patrick Henry*, the famed orator, and the distinguished statesman, kindly volunteers to instruct him in the English language. Mr. Dubois was always remarkable for quick perception, sound judgment, and retentive memory. By close application, he soon overcame the difficulties of the language, and was enabled to take charge of a congregation. He is permitted by Bishop Carroll to exercise the functions of the holy ministry in Virginia, and

especially at Winchester and its vicinity. His gentlemanly deportment—his amiable disposition—and his assiduous and untiring application to the duties of his holy calling, makes him an especial favorite. Prejudices of birth, or education, disappear wherever he travels on his errand of mercy. The most distinguished citizens go to pray where he officiates. They behold in him the true minister of Christ, whose purpose is holy—whose views are disinterested—whose example preaches purity and holiness of life. He is revered, respected, and caressed by all. Having acquired much facility in speaking the English language, he is transferred by his bishop to Frederick, in Maryland, and appointed to succeed Father Frambach, in the year 1794. In the town of Frederick, there were then but few Catholics, but the country congregations, under his spiritual charge, were many and distant apart. Of these we may name Montgomery, Seneca, Carroll Tract, and Mr. Lee's. Mr. Lee, who was afterwards Governor of Maryland, was a convert to Catholicity. His conversion took place before the arrival of Mr. Dubois—a striking instance of unbiassed inquiry and sincere investigation. He attended also Martinsburg—Winchester—Hagerstown, and Emmetsburg. That portion of the congregation of Emmetsburg which resided along the side of the Blue Ridge mountains, near to where Mount St. Mary's Seminary now stands, deemed it advisable to have a church built for their own convenience; and, accordingly, in the year 1808, the present church, that now overlooks the college, and which is situated on the brow of the mountain, was erected. What a wide field of labor here spread out before the Rev. Mr. Dubois! How many pastors are now engaged, attending to the spiritual wants of the people, where he for many years toiled

alone! He was never known to disappoint a congregation. If he made an appointment, he was sure to fulfil it, although necessitated, owing to the extent of his mission, to travel on horseback the whole of the night. On the eve of the festival of Christmas, it was his custom to spend the entire of the day in the confessional. At midnight he would celebrate the first Mass, then repair to the confessional; again the second Mass at day-break; and again the third Mass would he celebrate about eleven o'clock in the day. What constitution could withstand such labor? But he was then in his youth, full of vigor, and full of zeal. The Catholics under his charge were also pious, for they were known to have travelled twenty, twenty-five, and forty miles in wagons to assist at the adorable sacrifice of the Mass.

Having joined the Society of St. Sulpice, he was placed in charge of a seminary, which the Rev. Mr. Nagot commenced at Pigeon Hill, near Coneaugo. About Easter, in the year 1809, Pigeon Hill was abandoned, and "the mountain" chosen as a more healthy and eligible situation. In the month of July of the same year, 1809, "St. Joseph's," the mother house of the Sisters of Charity, was founded. It is about two miles distant from the mountain college. The lady who first presided over this institution, and who was as the mustard seed from which sprung that tree that has now grown to so elevated a height, and that spreads its shady branches over so large a portion of these United States, was a *Mrs. Seaton*—a native of this city, where some of her respectable connections still reside—and a convert to Catholicity. Like the mountain college, the institution of the Sisters of Charity, in the vale of St. Joseph, had an humble commencement. But this is not the place to dwell at length on the mor-

tifications, the great privations, and the poverty that the ladies who first united themselves here to serve God, under the standard of charity, had to undergo. I shall not speak of the many days they past, contentedly, in the small "stone house," preparing themselves by prayer, meditation, and mutual forbearance, to enter on the work of mercy for which they had been chosen, and set apart by their Lord and Master. Although they could barely supply their temporal necessities by teaching, and other industrious efforts, yet were their spiritual wants well and abundantly supplied; and they experienced much consolation from the pious and well-directed instructions, as well as from the fatherly solicitude of the *good mountain priest*. Who that knows what the Mountain College now is, and for years has been, celebrated among the most popular institutions of the country, for its distinguished professors, and for the proficiency of its pupils—who that looks out on the wide field of the Church, and surveys the husbandmen that are laboring and toiling in its cultivation, and inquires whence came they? and is informed they have gone forth from that place, which but a few years ago, was a wilderness, that will not admire the power of God that has employed such apparently feeble instruments to accomplish such great ends? Yes! in the year of which I have already spoken, the forest trees lifted their heavy trunks over the spot where the temples of religion and of science now stand, and whence they diffuse over the land the light of literature, and the science of salvation. Yes, "that land that was desolate and impassable, is now glad. The wilderness, indeed, rejoices and flourishes like the lilly. . . . The glory of Lebanon is given to it, and the beauty of Carmel and of Sharon," Isaias xxxv. 1, 2.

To the careless observer there was nothing attractive, but every thing forbidding, in the selection of this locality for a college, and a seminary for the education of young men for the holy ministry. But to him, who knew from experience the truth of the axiom, "*Sana mens in corpore sano*," the bracing mountain air, the limpid fountain, the wild forests, and the extensive plains, with their variegated scenery, were matters of importance, and he selected the place. The first dwelling opened for the reception of students, was a rude *log building*, affording but poor accomodation, even for the purposes of teaching, while there were no lodging-rooms: these were supplied by the farmers in the vicinity. In due time, Mr. Dubois was enabled to make additions to the rough buildings already constructed; and, as parents occasionally visited the institution, and carried away favorable tidings of the progress made by their children in learning, other pupils sought admission. A college merely, was not his design. He knew the great scarcity of priests in the country, and he desired to have a seminary where young men might be educated for the holy ministry, and sent on the missions. To enable him to effect this purpose, he must needs have a college to furnish the means. But pupils crowd upon him, and he alone cannot impart to them instruction. He invites others to his aid. He sends forth his word, and he calls those who are moved by holy motives, to repair to the Mountain, and prepare there for their holy vocation. He hears the voice of God bidding him do so—the voice that spoke to Moses, and said,—“Gather unto me seventy men of the ancients of Israel, whom thou knowest to be ancients and masters of the people; and thou shalt bring them to the door of the tabernacle of the covenant, and shall make them

stand there with thee, that I may come down and speak with thee ; and *I will take of thy spirit, and will give to them that they may bear with thee the burden of the people, and thou mayest not be burdened alone,*" Num. ii. 16, 17. His voice is heard. His invitation is received with joy. His own country sends a *Bruté*—a name renowned in the Church of this country—a name *dear* to every one who ever heard it lisped, but particularly to every student of Emmetsburg. Ireland sends her sons—some to share already the burden, being qualified, others to prepare themselves for it at some future day. America attends to his call, and her children from different cities, and towns, and hamlets, are pressing forward to receive, at the hands of the venerable Dubois, the yoke of the Lord, which is sweet, and the burden which is light. Mount St. Mary's Seminary is in a prosperous condition ; her fame has already spread over the land ; it has crossed the seas ; and Ireland hopes that from that institution will come forth pastors to feed her children, whom in the dark hour of her affliction, and in the depth of her sufferings, she has been compelled to send away in great numbers from under her own protection. Her people, her children, she is well aware, will be in suffering, and in great want in a foreign clime ; not for food—not for raiment—not for the things of the earth—but for the spiritual manna—for the food of their immortal souls. But she is consoled in the thought that there is another *Joseph* erecting capacious and extensive granaries, whence all their spiritual wants may, and will be supplied. In due time, our deceased friend forms the resolution of erecting a *new college*, and succeeds without much delay in accomplishing it. It was a stone building ; and on it, he expended all that he had been able to save from his

current expenses for years. Before it is yet ready for the reception of students, the torch of an incendiary sets it on fire, and it is burned to the ground. He is not discouraged. He hopes in God. "God knew his works—his labor—his patience. He knew that he had borne for his name, and had not failed. He knew his tribulations, and his poverty ; and he spoke to his heart, and said to him, as he once said to the angel of the Church of Smyrna, 'I know thy tribulations, and thy poverty, but thou art rich. Fear none of these things thou shalt suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.'"

It may not be uninteresting here to remark, that when it was discovered that the progress of the fire which was consuming the new college, could not be arrested, and that the frail tenements which had hitherto been used might still be preserved, Mr. Dubois sat with calm composure in front of the edifice, and traced out the plan of another—a larger and more commodious building, that he purposed to build instead of the one now in flames. His courage never failed him. No reverse could disturb the uniform tranquility of his mind. Difficulties he gloried to surmount, for he labored for God ; and when he cast his eyes around, and beheld every avenue leading to this happy republic thronged with Catholic emigrants, and no priests in readiness to break to them the bread of life, how could he abandon his noble project, and permit so many souls to famine, to faint, and to die on the way ? Already were his efforts blest with more than ordinary success. The aspirants to the holy ministry, were seen coming from afar to the mountain. He met them with a father's tenderness. He opened his arms to them, and gave them an affectionate welcome. Some are already prepared to go forth and labor

in the vineyard ; but how numerous are the calls for aid ! The tide of Catholic emigration continues to flow into the country. Priests are not in their company, and how difficult it is to supply them here with spiritual guides. Still, Gods calls many to join the ranks of the priesthood from Europe, and from the natives of this country. Mr. Dubois plants and waters, and God gives the increase. He has already around him a strong army of young soldiers of Christ, that are willing to undertake the most difficult labor, or visit the most laborious missions, for the sake of their divine Lord and Master. He beholds, too, the Daughters of St. Vincent—"The Sisters of Charity"—his own children in Christ, already numerous at "St. Joseph's," and well taught in the school of virtue. They are prepared to go forth whither they are sent on errands of charity. In obedience to the direction of their superiors, they fly on the wings of holy joy—their hearts being inflamed with divine love. Now to protect the forlorn orphan, now to comfort, and console, and aid, as far as practicable, the sick and dying. Now to visit the haunts of misery, of penury, and of affliction, and if they cannot give aid, at least to solace, by pious admonition and wholesome counsel. Now to draw back from the beaten pathway of vice, the child of waywardness and misfortune, and now to instil correct principles of morality and of religion into the youthful mind. When Mr. Dubois beheld those, who were to be the future priests, in great numbers around him, and when he beheld at "St. Joseph's," the daughters of charity prepared also to become the humble handmaids of the Lord in advancing the interests of his holy religion, may he not have considered these words of the sublime prophet, as forcibly and peculiarly applicable to himself,—“Lift

up thy eyes round about, and see, all these are gathered together ; they are come to thee ; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side,” Isaia's lx. 4. One year has not as yet rolled by and a larger, a more commodious, a more splendid edifice is already reared and finished, hard by to the ruins of the one laid in ashes. This is the present college of Mount St. Mary's, an institution that has given to the various worldly professions of their choice, gentlemen of great learning and distinction. In the army, in the navy, in “the healing art,” in the halls of congress, at foreign courts, her *alumni* stand pre-eminent. From that institution have gone forth, from time to time, many who are highly distinguished in the ranks of the clergy, and who reflect much honor by their piety, their learning, and their holy zeal, on the cause of religion ; and there have gone forth, too, *some* who are even at this moment, shining in the episcopacy like stars in the firmament.

For seventeen years did Mr. Dubois labor with great assiduity and great success at Mount St. Mary's. Now is he occupied with the temporal and spiritual wants both of the college and of the seminary—now of the Sisters of Charity—now visitors and parents of children engross his time, and the hours that should have been given to repose are taken up with his extensive correspondence. Three or four hours of sleep are all that he can spare from his overpowering and urgent occupations to refresh his wearied frame. He is again awakened from his slumbers, long before the dawn of day. He is in the midst of his seminary at morning meditation, offering the first fruits of the day to God, or he is preparing to officiate at the altar, where he offers up the dread mysteries in behalf of those entrusted to

his care, or those who need his prayers. Between the porch and the altar he cries out, "Spare, O Lord,—spare thy people, and give not thy inheritance to reproach," Joel, ii. 17. After so many years of toil it might be expected that he could now afford to withdraw from active duty and leave others to carry forward the work that he had so well commenced—*his* wisdom, long experience, and judicious counsels guiding them. Nature might have even prompted him to seek repose, and he did flatter himself he could ere long enjoy it, yet he was not averse to labor. The ways of God, however, are different from the ways of man. The servant of God must labor here, and hereafter take his rest and enjoy repose. Mr. Dubois was ever obedient to the will of his heavenly Master. He was faithful over the few things God gave him in charge. He is soon to be placed over many. New York is without a *chief pastor*, and it is to this wide and laborious field that he is now called in his advanced years. Who is to succeed him at Emmetsburg? The presidency is entrusted to the saintly *Michael Egan*. Alas! his career of life was short, but the recollection of his piety will long be cherished by those who had the happiness of knowing him; and his memory will live while there is a stone upon a stone at Mount St. Mary's.

On the 29th of October, 1826, the Right Rev. Dr. Dubois was consecrated Bishop of New York, in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and on Sunday the 5th of November, he took possession of the see.

So far I have endeavored to sketch some of the principal events of the life of our deceased bishop. Feebly have I performed that task it is true, and only hastily have I glanced at them. It would almost be a work of superelevation that I enter now much into

detail. For the actions of this last portion of his life are still present before the memories of many, if not of all, who now listen to me. Shall I speak to you of his zeal? You saw him journeying throughout this extensive diocese, and visiting every portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care. You saw him now among the laborers on the canals—now in the poor man's wretched hovel—now near the abode of the untutored savage of the forest, administering wherever he found the proper disposition, the sacraments of confirmation, of penance, and the Holy Eucharist, or instructing in the ways of virtue and of godliness. You have known him to give every encouragement for the erection of churches, where the faithful might be assembled and made acquainted with their solemn obligations, and the duties of their religion. You are well aware that he used every effort to supply these churches with pious and exemplary clergymen, and many are the temples of the living God that have sprung up during his episcopacy.

This city bears evidence of his zeal for the beauty of God's house, and for the holiness of his worship. How few were the Catholic churches when Bishop Dubois arrived—how many are there now? Shall I speak to you of his charity, and of the tender love he bore his flock? The stranger, even, that came dependant on his charity can bear testimony to this truth, that he was ever ready to console the heart of the desponding, and relieve the wants of the indigent and of the poor. Shall I speak of his paternal solicitude, not only for the flock generally, but especially for his priests? To them was he mild, tender, compassionate, forgiving. He knew the extent of their labors, and he sympathized with them. He knew the dangers to which they were hourly exposed,

and he was indulgent. O! how did his benignant smile cheer—his kind looks console—his comforting and playful words soothe and buoy up? I shall not speak here of his singleness of purpose—of his steady friendship—of his disinterestedness? It is well known to all, that these were strong features in his character. When consecrated Bishop of New York, he was in the sixty-second year of his age, having presided over the ecclesiastical affairs of this diocese for upwards of ten years—he finds his physical strength fast failing him—his mental faculties, although naturally very strong, also on the decline. He looks around and reflects to whose hands he should deliver his important charge. He prays that the spirit of God may guide him in his choice. He knows that the people of God are numerous, and that the enemies of that people are also, numerous and powerful. Who shall lead them?—who shall stand courageously at the head of the armies of the Lord, and press on fearlessly to victory? Who shall be able to make the people of God formidable to their foes, and respected even by their enemies? His thoughts are turned to ONE who has already won laurels in religious warfare—one before whose mental strength the enemies of God and his church have cowered, one to whom the people of God look up with confidence, and who feel courage in his strength. This is the *Joshua* whom he, like Moses, selected to lead God's people through the wilderness of this life to the heavenly Canaan. O! may the sun of his mortal life stand still, and set not, until he has won greater victories yet for his holy religion, and until he has achieved peace for the people of God. On the 7th of January, 1838, Bishop Dubois consecrated in this cathedral his coadjutor, and soon after resigned to him the administration of the di-

ocese. The weighty concerns of ecclesiastical affairs no longer burdening his mind, he spends the short remnant of his days in calm retirement—in prayer—in recollection—and in preparation for his heavenly country. He continues to offer up the adorable sacrifice of the Mass every day—even on *that day* on which he received the last rites of the church. He felt a consolation in approaching the altar, and nothing could debar him from it except the severest indisposition.

On the 15th of December he was taken suddenly ill, and from that until the day of his death, he ceased not to pray. He expired on the 20th with the names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph on his lips.

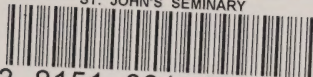
This may be the last feeble tribute that will be paid to the hallowed memory of our deceased bishop for some time—would that it were worthy of him! would that my tongue could speak the feelings of my heart! my *friend*, my *protector*, my *father*! But I shall say no more. He will not be forgotten. He will be long remembered by the clergymen of this and of other dioceses, many of whom he educated for the holy ministry; all of whom he edified by his virtuous life. He will long be remembered by the Sisters of Charity, whose society he founded at Emmetsburg. He will be remembered by the orphans, for their pious and religious guardians will often speak to them of their deceased father. They will recount his virtuous deeds—they will tell the children that they would be truly forlorn, destitute, and abandoned, were it not for his charitable zeal—and they will teach them to offer up a fervent prayer for the eternal repose of his soul. He will be remembered by the faithful for whose spiritual wants he so well provided. And as long as this church stands, and so long as there are pious Catho-

lics to assemble within its walls to assist at the divine mysteries, as they pass in, they will cast an eye to the spot where his remains are buried, and from whence they will arise hereafter in glory. They will drop a tear over the grave of their venerable and lamented bishop; and they will long remember him in their prayers. But even when this church shall have mouldered into decay, and when the marble that shall be erected to perpetuate his name shall have given way before the gnawing tooth of time, he shall still be known and remembered in the eternal tabernacle. "The just," says the psalmist, "shall be in everlasting remembrance," Ps. iii. 7. "Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord. From henceforth, now, saith the spirit, they may rest from their labors: for their works shall follow them," Rev. xiv. 13.

CONSCIENCE.

O TREACHEROUS Conscience ! while she seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song ;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to license, unrecall'd,
 Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;
 She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
 A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp :
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doomsday-book from all consuming heirs,
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable Time ;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied ;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history ; which Death shall read
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear ;
 And judgment publish ; publish to more worlds
 Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



3 8151 001 15458 9

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
BOSTON ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY,
BRIGHTON, MASS.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

